

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2413.—VOL. LXXXVII.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885

WITH SIXPENCE.
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT By Post, 6d.



AN EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN NEW ZEALAND.—ON THE MARCH: SOUTHLAND HUSSARS PASSING THE DEVIL'S STAIRCASE, LAKE WAKATIPU.

OUR NOTEBOOK

That the world knows nothing of its greatest men has been often proved a true saying; and it is equally true that the man famous in his own circle may be unheard of out of it. A clergyman once asked Wordsworth if he had ever written anything besides his "Guide to the Lakes," and the poet modestly replied that he had written verses. A popular novelist was asked by an old schoolfellow whom he had not met for years what he had been doing since they parted, a question which, to quote Macaulay's phrase, every schoolboy could have answered. Dr. Johnson tells the story of a man who was standing with his back to the fire in the kitchen of an inn, and thus accosted the person next him—"Do you know, Sir, who I am?" "No, Sir," cried the other, "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said he, "I am the great Twalmley, who invented the new Floodgate Iron!" Twalmley's greatness was not widely known, it seems, even in his own day; but Goethe's fame as a poet was; and yet Dr. Lindley surprised Crabb Robinson by saying that he knew Goethe only as a botanist, and thought most highly of him. Possibly, in the sight of superior beings, there is not much difference between the fame of a parish Bumble and the exalted reputation of a painter like Turner—a remark which we leave for the consolation of artists who have passed a sad summer shut out from that heaven of their hope—the Royal Academy.

Wimbledon is gay and noisy with Volunteers just now; and there, too, on the 13th inst., whilst the first stages of the rifle-competition were in progress, the invincible Mr. W. Renshaw once more won the Championship of Lawn-Tennis and the Challenge Cup from the almost invincible Mr. H. F. Lawford. Mr. Renshaw had already, in 1883, won one Challenge Cup to be his own property for ever; and, should he win again next year, the third year in succession, the second cup will also become his property.

It is a curious fact that "Night and Death," one of the great English sonnets, is the work of a foreigner; and it is, perhaps, equally remarkable that the author, Joseph Blanco White, wrote nothing else in verse that is worth reading. Coleridge called this sonnet the finest and most grandly conceived in our language; at least, he added, "it is only in Milton and in Wordsworth that I remember any rival." This may be exaggerated praise, and it has been observed with justice, that the execution of the poem is not equal to its conception. The eleventh line—

Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed—

is obviously faulty; "a fatally disenchanting line," Rossetti called it, for "fly" and "insect" are synonymous. Mr. William Davies, a poet whose work is far from being as well known as it deserves to be, has pointed out that in an early copy of this sonnet the line ran "Whilst flower and leaf," &c., which, as Mr. Hall Caine observes, must be what the poet wrote. He is right, no doubt; but hitherto this correction has escaped all the editors of sonnet anthologies, from Mr. Dennis to Mr. Hall Caine himself.

The Mahdi, they say, is dead; but it may be a case of "Le Mahdi est mort, vive le Mahdi"! for there are, no doubt, as good or bad impostors in the desert as ever came out of it. The more satisfactory intelligence is that "the Mahdi's followers are fighting among themselves"; for a house divided against itself cannot stand.

It seems almost like the irony of fortune, if not of fate, that the first person selected for a Civil List Pension by Lord Iddesleigh should be one whose tastes and studies are such as Mr. Gladstone most appreciates. Mr. Llewelyn Jewitt, among his other claims, is the author of an excellent and exhaustive work on English pottery and porcelain, and on the vexed question of Bristol china is regarded as an expert of the first rank. Mr. Gladstone, at the same time, is the possessor of a very remarkable collection of English ware, much of which has at various times been lent for exhibition; and at one period of his life was an enthusiastic collector of specimens of our national fabrics. Rumour has never credited Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Salisbury with similar tastes; nor do guide-books refer to collections to be met with at The Pynes or at Hatfield. It may, perhaps, have been as much a case of delicacy on Mr. Gladstone's part not to select Mr. Jewitt from the list of applicants for a pension as it was a mark of courtesy on the part of the present Prime Minister to confer this favour on a conscientious worker in a field on which his predecessor in office had bestowed so much pleasant labour.

Increase of insanity may be inferred from the prices fetched by the Blankney yearlings at Newmarket last week, when twelve fetched 19,560 gs., an average of 1630 gs. each. There were ten "Hermits," one "Galopin," and one "Rosierucian"; and it was a filly, daughter of Hermit and Adelaide, and sister to Queen Adelaide (who had hitherto been the most costly yearling-filly ever known, at 3600 gs.), that fetched the highest price, which was 3900 gs. Well might the present Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Chaplin of Blankney, tell the people of Oldham that "Hermit was the best friend he ever had." Say the twelve yearlings had cost him 1200 gs. out of pocket (and that is a high figure), and he cleared 18,360 gs. by the sale, a percentage at which the New River Company itself might grow pale with envy. The four sisters, Queen Adelaide, Solitude, St. Alvere, and the unnamed yearling just sold to the bid of Mr. R. Peck, cost 3600 gs., 1600 gs., 2000 gs., and 3900 gs. respectively as yearlings, or 11,100 gs. collectively, which is an average of 2775 gs. apiece; and Queen Adelaide, hitherto the best of them, after winning two

great races, the July Stakes and the Dewhurst Plate, at two years of age, ran eight times unsuccessfully at three years, failed to realise at auction the reserved price of 3000 gs. placed upon her, and joined the ranks of the handicap horses. But Mr. R. Peck, the purchaser of Solitude (for himself) and of her sister, the yearling unnamed (for Mr. "Abington"), ought, if anybody, to know what he is about at a sale of horseflesh: did he not have some experience of Maximilian (the most costly of all yearlings at 4100 guineas), to say nothing of Morier, Glenalmond, and other rank "impostors"? And he got The Bard for 650 guineas. Some day, perhaps, a reaction will set in; an Eclipse will again go for 150 guineas, and a Flying Childers will be "thrown in" as a make-weight. Meanwhile, "'tis a mad world, my masters."

As remarked by one of the speakers at the dinner of the contributors to the Dictionary of National Biography, which took place at Richmond last Saturday, it is "self-evident" that a dictionary of national biography is a national work. This being the case, it may be permissible, without incurring the Rev. Doctor Folliott's anathemas on the tribe of Eavesdrop, to relate to the nation a story told by Mr. Leslie Stephen—the life and soul of the entertainment, as of the undertaking—illustrative of the manner in which an editor gets through his work. An American hunter was recounting a wonderful tale of his dog, which, it appeared, had pursued a beaver until the latter took to a tree. "But," it was objected, "a beaver cannot climb a tree. A beaver is not made to climb a tree. A beaver was never known to climb a tree since the Creation. How could your beaver climb a tree?" The hunter explained the phenomenon and silenced scepticism by two monosyllables, "Had to!"

Lovers of great pictures, and they are many and increasing in number, who live away from London, have hitherto had no opportunity of seeing the works of art for which they, as part of the nation, have paid their share of cost. It is under consideration to give provincials a chance of admiring the magnificent specimens of old and modern masters which constitute the collection in the National Portrait Gallery. In these columns a complaint was made of the ramshackle building in which this collection was deposited, and now the First Commissioner of Works is busy preparing a new and appropriate home for them. Pending its completion there is a suggestion on foot that the pictures, &c., be sent to Bethnal-green Museum; and, later on, to the large provincial towns. Like theatrical companies, they may go on tour, and really, if precautions can be taken for their safety in transit, the scheme seems to be a proper and will surely be a popular one.

Visitors to Niagara Falls have justly had cause to complain that speculators have reduced this magnificent sight to the level of what racing people would call a "gate-money meeting." Such a fine natural phenomenon ought not, figuratively speaking, to be kept under lock and key. Yet practically it has been, and the natives who dwell on the shores erected barriers at all the favourite points, they boarded off the best views, and charged admission fees to tourists who wished to enjoy the sight of the grand concourse of rushing waters. Once there, it was no use lamenting, people paid their half-dollars and went on their way grumbling. But the State of New York has come forward in the interest of the sightseers, and, being unable to legislate against the self-constituted vested rights of the showmen, has liberally bought them out, and this week and henceforth America's great cataract is free.

Mr. John Roberts, jun., the billiard champion, last week proceeded further to take the pyramid championship also, by winning 100 games to Mr. W. Cook's 71. The latter had been unmolested since 1875, when at the Guildhall Tavern he defeated Mr. D. Richards for the Championship and for the "shield" presented by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, which trophy in due course became his own property. In 1874 Mr. W. Cook had beaten Mr. John Roberts, jun., for the Championship, by 11 games to 9. It seems that there have been no other games at pyramids for the Championship until last week, when the trophy (besides the £200 stakes) was a silver cup presented by the Aquarium Company, and he who first won a hundred games was to take the cup and the title of Pyramid-Champion. Mr. Roberts led throughout, with 23 games to 14 at the end of the first day, 40 to 29 the second, 62 to 43 the third, 80 to 57 the fourth, 100 to 71 the fifth. There were many tough games, ending in 8 to 7, in favour whether of Mr. Cook or of Mr. Roberts; thrice, if not oftener, Mr. Roberts, and certainly once, if not oftener, Mr. Cook, took all the fifteen balls; and each player took thirteen and fourteen balls quite as often as was pleasant for his adversary. It will be as satisfactory to the ordinary pyramid-player to know that even Mr. Roberts occasionally "runs in," as it was to the British private of Crimean history to observe that "Baraguay bobs"; worthy Tommy Atkins having been in doubt whether he was justified in "ducking" before the advent of "whistling Dick," until he saw that the gallant Marshal Baraguay D'Hilliers did not hesitate to show that amount of deference to an overbearing shell.

Amongst journalists there is popularly known what they call "the giant gooseberry season," the meaning of which is, that when Parliament has risen and the Law Courts are shut and subjects on which to write become scarce, adventurous spirits are apt to discourse in their newspapers of fruit of abnormal size, and other natural prodigies, which, according to current banter, exist only in their own imagination. But the wits who are wont to "chaff" each other about such things have experienced a rude shock, and the "giant gooseberry" has really asserted itself, if not in the flesh at least in the fruit. It may seem pitiable that a fine old crusted joke, which has reappeared for years regularly every autumn, should pass away, but there is no help for it, for the tropical gooseberry-tree, which is cultivated in Florida, really grows to the height of fifteen feet.

Magistrates sometimes express themselves strongly and well in favour of recklessly accused persons; as Mr. Chance, at Lambeth, expressed himself on the 8th inst. A drunken "fare," having missed his watch and chain, at once charged the driver of the cab in which he had been driven home with stealing them. A little inquiry ascertained that the drunkard's watch and chain had been removed for safety's sake by a friend; and Mr. Chance did well to be angry and to vent his honest indignation, saying that it was disgraceful to make such charges so thoughtlessly, that the cab-driver was entitled to ample compensation, and that, if the false accuser failed to make such compensation, the cab-driver should "bring an action for false imprisonment, and very likely he would get heavy damages." The worst of it is that many readers see charges made against cab-drivers, and do not see the complete refutation thereof.

Here is a true case, to show how careful you should be before you charge your neighbour with theft. A and B, two friends, had been riding outside an omnibus. A sitting between B on one side and an utter stranger on the other. The three descended together, or, at least, one after the other, at the same place; when A, having felt in his waistcoat-pocket, said hurriedly to B: "Good heavens! I had seven sovereigns in this pocket when I got up, and they've gone." "Are you sure?" said B. "I'll swear to it," quoth A. "Then collar the man that sat next to you on that side; at once—before he can get away," advised B promptly. That man was the utter stranger. But A was a tolerably just and cautious man, and would not take his energetic friend's advice. Very luckily: for when A got home, there were his seven sovereigns lying upon the counterpane of his bed. It was summer; and he had changed his white waistcoat just before he went out, and could have sworn that he had transferred the seven sovereigns from the pocket of one waistcoat to the corresponding pocket of the other. Only he had not.

The Eton and Harrow luncheon-match, with the grand display of millinery, the episode of cricket, and the intermittent volleys of "fielded!" "played!" "hit!" "bowled!" "Oh!" "well stopped, Sir!" is over for another year, and marks the wanings of the season. Up to this year, there had been sixty matches since 1805 (the date of the first match), there was no match from 1808 to 1818, and in 1819, 1820, 1821, 1826, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1856; it was a "draw" in 1860, 1861, 1863, 1867, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1882, 1883, 1884; Eton won six matches running, from 1818 to 1832 (both included), but not of course in consecutive years; Harrow won eight matches running, from 1851 to 1859; and this year's match makes on the whole twenty-six to Harrow, twenty-five to Eton. It was a close thing in the matter of time, two more minutes, and there would have been another "draw."

"Shakspeare, Madam, is improper, and thank God we have found that out!" This discovery, made years ago in the United States, and reported by an American gentleman to Mrs. Trollope, seems to be rivalled in New Zealand, where it has been found out that ladies, studying Latin, must not get up Terence for examinations. Such, at least, is the opinion of a number of worthy people who have petitioned the Visitor of the University on this subject, and though the Senate apparently stand firm, the controversy is evidently regarded as serious. It is so, indeed, for it involves the question whether ladies are to learn Latin at all. To imagine that female students will acquire the power of reading Terence, "the mender of hearts," and then forbear to read him, could only occur to persons as slenderly versed in classical literature as we may assume the petitioners to be.

One party to the controversy on the anti-Terentian side, however, must in courtesy be supposed to know something about it, though the nature of his arguments would justify a contrary conclusion. It is surely as impossible for a Dean of even the antipodal Christchurch to be illiterate as for a Rector Magnificus of the University of Wittenberg to be in the wrong. But what are we to think of the assertion that not only Herodotus and Sophocles "could not be read" (certainly not, if a man or woman has no Greek), but that "one part even of Virgil's 'Æneid' would have to be omitted"? It would have added greatly to the interest of the Dean's communication if he had told us, what otherwise cannot be known, what part this may be. His surprising penetration into the spirit of ancient authors does not seem to be accompanied by a corresponding insight into modern French literature, if we may judge by his eccentric plea for the retention of classical literature after all, "the advantage of realising for one's self the state of morals in highly cultured society before it was reformed by Christianity." But how are the ladies to profit by this advantage if they are to read only what a Dean who objects to Virgil considers good for them? and will he recommend a course of M. Zola's novels for the advantage of realising the condition of society after it was reformed?

At the annual meeting of the Wordsworth Society, held last week at Lord Houghton's residence in Rutland-gardens, there was more of vague though pleasant talk than of definite business, and the attendance was by no means equal to that of former years. For the outside public, the most interesting piece of information is, that a number of the members not being wholly satisfied with Mr. Arnold's selection of Wordsworth's poems, intend to join their heads and tastes in the compilation of another. We shall look with some curiosity for the results of this literary partnership. There is a danger lest the true Wordsworthian may be tempted to choose too much from the copious and weighty writings of his "soul's idol." Wordsworth, when his singing robes are on him, is one of the most exquisite of poets; but too often he forgot to put them on, and then all but his most faithful pilgrims find the road wearisome, and the sky heavy as lead. Mr. Arnold's little volume has, no doubt, its sins of omission and commission; but Lord Houghton's praise of it was well merited, and we can scarcely hope to obtain a better.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The third appearance of Mdlle. Alma Fohström took place last Thursday week, when, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," she maintained the good impression previously made in other characters. The opening cavatina, "Come per me sereno," was sung with much grace and refinement, as was Amina's share of the duet with Elvino, "Prendi l'annel." In the music of the bed-room and sleep-walking scene Mdlle. Fohström displayed much vocal charm and power in the expression of alternate tenderness and despair; her brilliant delivery of the final bravura aria, "Ah! non giunge," having fully established the success of her performance. Other features in the cast require no comment.

Madame Adelina Patti appeared on Saturday, for the sixth time this season, the opera having been "Linda di Chamouni," in which, as in past seasons, she sustained the title-character throughout with rare vocal and dramatic power. As on former occasions, Madame Patti introduced, as a finale, the air "Home, Sweet Home," her exquisite delivery of which disarmed criticism as to the anomaly of the interpolation. The co-operation of Madame Scacchi, as Pierotto, was a valuable feature in the cast. Signor De Anna, as Antonio, acted and sang with much effect; other prominent characters having been sustained by M. Engel (Carlo), Signor Caracciolo (the Marquis), and Signor Cherubini (the Prefect).

On Tuesday the chief event of the season occurred, in Madame Patti's first appearance in the character of Carmen, in Bizet's opera so named. The result was to add another to the many successes gained by the great prima donna, and to give fresh proof of her versatile powers. The character of the heartless gipsy girl was finely acted, especially in the closing scene of her assassination by José, whom she has driven to desperation by her scorn and her preference of the gay Toreador, Escamillo. It need scarcely be said that the music of Madame Patti's part was finely sung. The "Habenera," the "Seguidilla," the air in the fortune-telling scene, and the duets with José, especially that in the final scene, were admirably given; and the success of the artist was complete, both vocally and histrionically, her reception having been of an enthusiastic kind throughout her performance. M. Engel, as José, appeared to much better advantage than hitherto, especially in the passionate final duet with Carmen, in which he acted and sang with genuine dramatic power. An important although not novel feature was the Toreador of Signor Del Puente, who had often before successfully rendered the character at both our Italian opera establishments. It was again an excellent performance. Mdlle. Dotti, as Michaela, sang with genuine feeling, the cast having also included Mesdames Bauermeister and Lablache, Signori Caracciolo and Rinaldini, and others in subordinate characters. Madame Cavalazzi's skilful dancing was a feature in the incidental divertissement. Signor Arditì conducted ably, as on the previous evenings. "Carmen" was announced for repetition this (Saturday) evening.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, the eminent American prima donna, gave a concert on Thursday week at the residence of Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid. Miss Griswold's refined vocalisation was heard in the strophes from M. Delibes' "Lakmé," and in various other pieces; and also in duets by Dvorák, in association with Madame Antoinette Sterling, the two voices being happily associated. Other vocal pieces were contributed by Madame Sterling and Signor Perugini; and skilful pianoforte and violin performances were given, respectively, by Miss A. Goodwin and Miss N. Carpenter.

Mdlle. Van Zandt took her benefit at the Gaiety Theatre yesterday (Friday) week, when she appeared in the second act of "Lakmé" and the "Shadow-Song" from "Dinorah," in which her brilliant vocalisation was as admirable as on previous occasions noticed by us.

The Chevalier Bach gave his second and last concert of the season at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when a full orchestra was assembled, conducted by Mr. Randegger. We have before had occasion to speak of the highly cultivated powers of Herr Bach as a pianist. These were successfully displayed in Beethoven's third pianoforte concerto, the pianist's own "Capriccio Polonais," the Romance from Chopin's concerto in E minor, and a "Rhapsodie" by Liszt. Miss Medora Henson, a young American lady, made a highly favourable impression by the display of a fine soprano voice and good style in her rendering of Mr. Randegger's concert scena, "Medea"; Madame Antoinette Sterling sang some expressive "Carols of Cradleland" (composed by Chevalier Bach), and Signor Novara contributed vocal pieces. A select orchestra was assembled, conducted by Mr. Randegger.

A special service was held in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday evening, in commemoration of the bi-centenary of Handel's birth. The selection from the composer's music comprised the "Dettingen Te Deum"—which was effectively given, with full orchestra and chorus—the solos by Messrs. Sexton, Kearton, and Hilton; an organ concerto, played by Dr. J. F. Bridge (with orchestral accompaniment), the air, "Angels, ever bright and fair," finely sung by Madame Albani; and the coronation anthem, "Zadok, the Priest"; supplemented by the Hundredth Psalm, in which the congregation joined.

Some interesting performances of old Italian and English and ancient Netherlandish music—organised by the International Inventions Exhibition—have been given during this week. The programmes included specimens from the works of composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who did much towards the formation of a grand school of musical art, and whose names have mostly fallen into oblivion.

Among the numerous concerts given this week, the following are among the most important:—On Tuesday Mdlles. Louise and Jeanne Douste (De Fortis) gave a matinée musicale at 1, Belgrave-square, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Sassoon; Mr. Francis Edersheim's Hebrew melodies were sung for the first time in public last Wednesday evening at Prince's Hall; on Thursday Signor Mario Costa gave a matinée musicale at Steinway Hall, Miss Effie Clement a morning concert at 3, Grosvenor-place, by permission of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith, and Hejr C. A. Ehrenfechter, a matinée musicale at 66, Lexham-gardens, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Armit; and on Friday (yesterday) Madame Mina Gould, a morning concert with an excellent programme, at 16, Grosvenor-street, by permission of Messrs. Colliard.

Covent-Garden Theatre is to be opened for promenade concerts on Saturday, Aug. 8, under the lesseeship of Mr. W. T. Thomas, and with Mr. A. Gwyllyn Crowe as conductor.

The Chester Musical Festival takes place next week, beginning on Wednesday morning, with a performance of Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption" in the cathedral, where Dr. J. C. Bridge's new oratorio "Daniel," one of Handel's organ concertos, a motet by Bach, a new overture by Mr. E. H. Thorne, and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given on Thursday morning, Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" on Friday morning, and Handel's "Messiah" on Friday evening. Miscellaneous concerts will take place in the music-hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Dickinson's Gallery (114, New Bond-street) will be found the representation of one of the most dramatic episodes of the late war—the little steamer *Safia*, under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., "Running the Gauntlet" past one of the forts on the Upper Nile. When Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley arrived at Gubat on Feb. 1, with the news of the fall of Khartoum, and that Sir Charles Wilson was wrecked on an island, Lord Charles Beresford at once hastened to his relief. On a little steamer, armed with only two Gardner guns, he forced his way up the river in spite of obstacles of all kinds, until on the morning of the 3rd he came in front of a strong earthwork, just barring the way to the rock on which Sir Charles Wilson and his party were with difficulty defending themselves. The fort was passed after a sharp encounter; but when the steamer's guns and riflemen could no longer hold the enemy at bay, a shot was fired which went through the boiler and rendered her useless. By skill, no less than by good luck, Lord Charles Beresford succeeded in getting her into a comparatively safe place; and aided by Mr. Benbow, the chief engineer, who must have been endowed with a foresight almost amounting to second-sight, since it prompted him to carry across the desert two boiler-plates and the necessary fittings on the chance of their being required. The scene depicted represents the moment at which the fatal accident has occurred, and Mr. Benbow, happily out of the reach of scalding steam, is reporting the matter to Lord Charles. The Arabs, in the shrubs and cover which dot the river bank, are firing persistently, and the fort beyond looks mischievous; but on board the little steamer all is calm and collected. The various officers present furnished Messrs. Dickinson with the sketches from which this really interesting picture has been composed, and such as have returned have testified to the accuracy and truthfulness of the scene as depicted, whilst the likenesses of those engaged are obvious to all-comers.

M. Garnier, who has for some time been known in Paris as a skilful painter of mediæval subjects and character figures, acquired a sudden notoriety last year by his picture "Borgia's Amuse," exhibited at the Paris Salon and since purchased for the United States. His work, "En Flagrant Délit," now on view at 5, Old Bond-street, is not a subject which commends itself to English taste, dealing, as it does, with an episode of conjugal life which, we trust, is as rare on that side of the Channel as on this. Apart from this, however, and judged merely from an art-standard, the picture seems to have one great fault. The apparent intention of the painter is to adapt the study of the nude figure to the environments of modern life. Instead, however, of concentrating attention upon the woman, he has distracted it by introducing a vigorous group of men full of action, and thus marring the general effect. The figures are, however, drawn with strength, and display great technical ability, although they seem somewhat large and crowded for the size of the canvas; and the colouring throughout is subdued and harmonious. In technical ability, M. Garnier's picture is far superior to the majority of the works of the realistic school which have been exhibited in this country; and artists may learn much from a work which will not generally commend itself to public favour. Judging only from a back view, and the striking resemblance of the Commissaire de Police to a well-known member of the late Government, possibly a more attractive title for the work might be "The Discovery of Truth in a Cupboard by an ex-Cabinet Minister."

The School of Art Wood Carving in the Royal Albert Hall was closed last Saturday, and reopened in the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, in Exhibition-road, on Monday. While continuing their handsome contribution towards the funds of the school, the council of the institute have now provided it with rooms in their new building rent free, and have gone to some expense in making arrangements for the accommodation of the class for women.

Two local societies for the encouragement of window gardening held exhibitions last Saturday—one in the Portobello-road Board School, Notting-hill, and the other in St. Pancras Vestry-Hall. At the latter Lord Lorne distributed the prizes.

The Lord Chancellor has recommended the following gentlemen to her Majesty for the rank of Queen's Counsel:—Frank Whittaker Bush, James Marshall Moorsom, Charles Henry Anderson, Frederic Octavius Crump, Henry David Greene, and J. W. Balfour Browne.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports were much in excess of the imports of the preceding week, and were the largest arrivals for several weeks past. The total shipments amounted to 2601 cattle, 538 sheep, 7970 quarters of beef, and 990 carcasses of mutton.

Last Saturday afternoon the Lord Mayor laid the foundation-stone of the building of the City and Central Dwellings Company (Limited), in Seward-street, Goswell-road. In this building a population of from 1300 to 1400 will be able to reside, the number of persons displaced on the site having been fewer than 150.

Lord Wolseley arrived in London on Monday, and the Government will have the benefit of personal consultation with him as to our position on the Nile. At the Victoria Station he had a most cordial reception from a numerous and distinguished company who came to greet him, as well as from large crowds both inside and outside the station.

The Lord Lieutenant and Lady Carnarvon visited the Artisans' Exhibition in Dublin last Saturday, and remained for over an hour. They were heartily cheered. The Lord Lieutenant also received a deputation which presented an address from the Corporation of Belfast, and his Excellency, in his reply, expressed a hope that he might be able to accept an invitation to visit the northern city. He congratulated Sir Edward Harland, the Mayor, who headed the deputation, on the honour conferred on him by the Queen. On Monday his Excellency received addresses from Dublin University and from the Royal Hibernian Academy.

A great sham-fight took place on the Fox Hills, near Aldershot, on Tuesday. The operations were based on the supposition that the advanced guard of an army corps marching northwards had reached the vicinity of Normandy, about four miles from the camp, where it received information that the enemy was at Frimley, five miles distant. Major-General Danne, who commanded the southern (Normandy) force, which consisted of two cavalry regiments, four batteries of artillery, and three infantry battalions, was instructed to seize and occupy a position at the north of the Fox Hills until reinforced. Major-General Fielding commanded the attacking army of one cavalry regiment, three batteries of artillery, and four infantry battalions, which started from Frimley at an early hour to attack the enemy before reinforcements arrived. An exciting action, which occupied about an hour, took place. The umpires were unable to decide as to which force had gained the victory.

THE EVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON.

We gave last week two illustrations of the experimental operations in naval warfare performed in Berehaven, Bantry Bay, by the squadron of evolutions under the command of Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, on the West coast of Ireland. The squadron proceeded next to Blacksod Bay, on the coast of the county of Mayo, where, on the evening of July 7, Admiral Hornby tried a novel experiment, that of an attack on such of the ironclads as were protected with the torpedo-net; the attack being made by the first-class torpedo-boats. These were allowed to select their own moment for attack, and also to fire Whiteheads at the protected vessels. The look-out squadron, assisted by the gun-boats, formed a cordon round the ironclads, completely encircling them with a ribbon of electric light, across which the enemy would have to pass before being sufficiently near to become dangerous. On board the larger vessels, every available gun, large and small, Nordenföldt and Gardner (assisted by the rifles of the small-arm men), was brought to bear upon such points as they could be fired at without hitting a friend. Towards eleven o'clock, the discovery of the enemy was announced by a heavy cannonade from H.M.S. Ajax; and the torpedo-boats began a brisk attack on the ships. It was kept up till long after midnight, when hostilities were finished by the signal of two rockets from H.M.S. Minotaur. The general opinion was that the defenders gained a complete victory, as the heavy fire would have put all the approaching boats *hors de combat* before they could have used their weapons. The squadron made a very grand spectacle, when illuminated by the electric lights, and by the flashes from the great guns. We are indebted to Lieutenant E. Bain, R.N., of H.M.S. Shannon, for the Sketch we have engraved.

VOLUNTEERS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Easter Monday Volunteer Review is an institution now duly honoured at the Antipodes by colonial citizen-soldiers of the English race. At Queenstown, the capital of the Lake Wakatipu district, in the Southern Island, amidst wild and romantic mountain scenery, a very successful review was held at Easter; all military arms—Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry battalions of riflemen, with the Naval Brigade—were there represented, the whole force being under the command of Major Thomson, the officer in charge of the Volunteer district. They were five days in the field, and were put through a series of manoeuvres from which they gained much practical instruction. The Southland Hussars, from Invercargill, 60 miles by railway, marched round the margin of Lake Wakatipu—a most arduous and difficult march of more than forty miles, in which the endurance both of men and of horses was severely tried. Our illustration, from a Sketch by Captain Barwell, shows the dangerous passage of "The Devil's Staircase," where the track is at a height of 1000 ft. above the Lake, with almost a sheer fall to the beach below.

"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE."

The proverb is as good for dogs as for mankind; and our canine friends, naturally desiring to partake of a leg of mutton or pork which the cook has left unguarded, must brave the heat of the kitchen fire, and the risk of a probable scorching, if they would meddle with it while the roasting process goes on. The boldest hound, as we see, is tempted already to try a surreptitious lick, which is very likely to give him an unpleasant surprise, and a sensation not so agreeable as that of savoury taste at the tip of his eager tongue. It may not be safe even to touch the contents of the dripping-pan, which must be tolerably hot; and the blazing coal fire, with the crackle of fuel and roar of the flame, is calculated to appal the guilty doggy heart. Presently, we expect, there will be a short, sharp yelp of pain; hearing which, the cook will return and lay her broomstick about the backs of these thievish intruders. It will only serve them right, and teach them "never to come there no more."

"SANTA LUCIA."

Every traveller who has visited Naples is acquainted with the street bearing the name of Santa Lucia, where the popular manners and customs of the Neapolitans may be abundantly observed. Such a female minstrel as the Artist has delineated, twanging her melodious guitar in unison with the strains of a powerful contralto voice, is to be met with any day in that lively neighbourhood; and her performance seems quite in place among the lounging crowd of Southern Italians, ever desirous of some easy kind of amusement. The picture is true to life and character, and the local details will at once be recognised by all who are familiar with Naples.

The Queen has granted a pension of £70 per annum to Mr. Llewelyn Jewitt, the author of several antiquarian and topographical works, notably a history of Plymouth.

Sir Henry Maine has been advised by his medical adviser not to undertake the duties at the Home Office to which he was recently appointed by Sir Richard Cross.

At the instance of the Board of Trade, vessels arriving in the Bristol Channel from Spain are to be intercepted and examined as to the state of health on board, to guard against the importation of cholera.

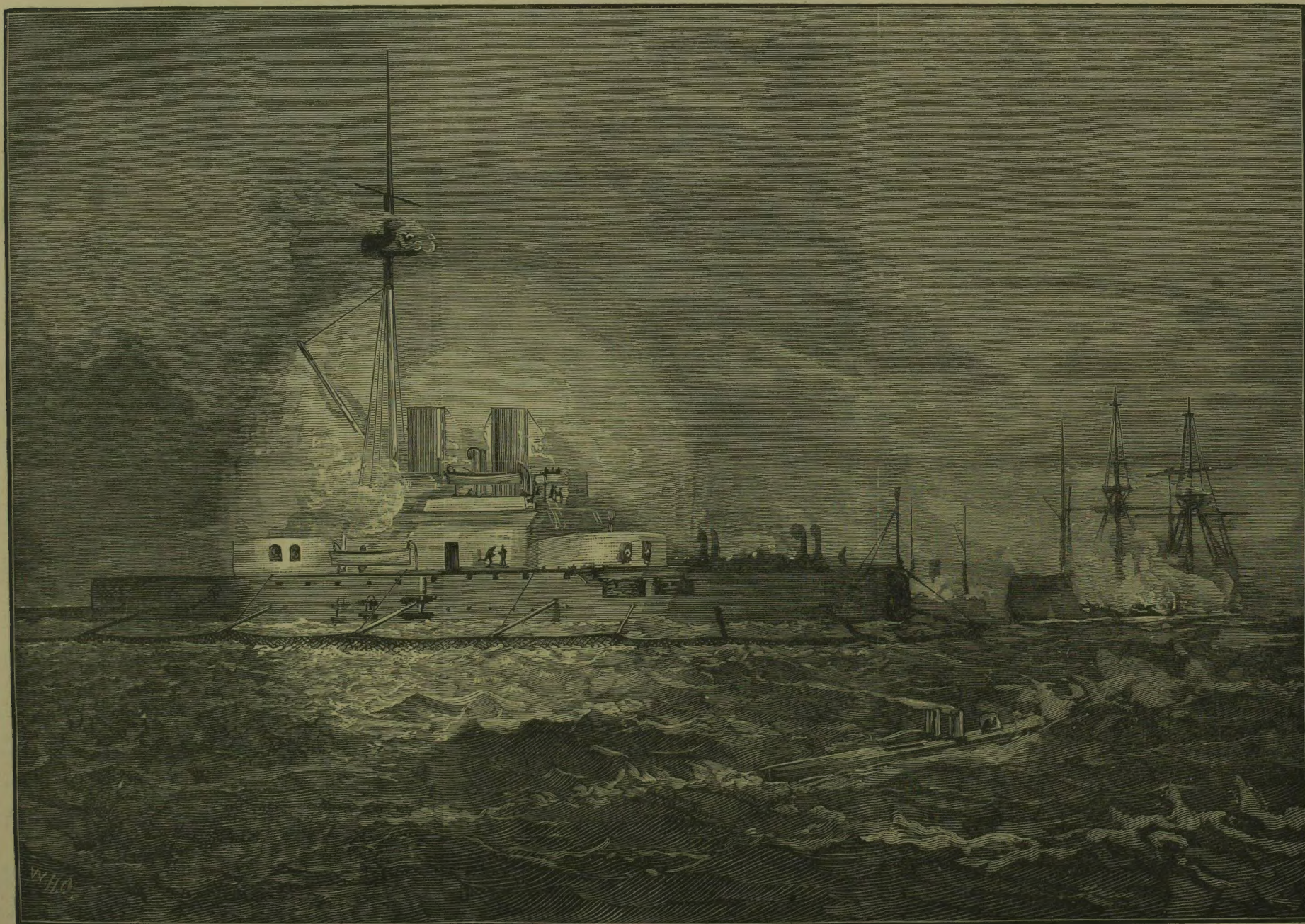
A meeting, convened by the Mayor of Poole, was held in that town on Tuesday night, when it was determined by a large majority to adopt the Public Libraries Act. Alderman Norton offered to contribute £100 towards the cost of erecting a library.

Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., having submitted to Mr. Bright a scheme of land-law reform, the right hon. gentleman expresses his opinion that it will receive, as it deserves, a very large measure of support throughout the country. The time has now come, he adds, when this great question must be discussed and settled.

The committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have received an important survey recently executed by Herr C. Schumacher, covering about 200 square miles of the country lying east of the Sea of Galilee, the ancient Gaulonitis. This district is very little known, and has never been minutely or scientifically examined, though it has been crossed by several travellers, the latest being Mr. Lawrence Oliphant. Among the recovered sites is that of the lost city of Golan. There is an immense quantity of ruins in the country. Those visited by the surveyor, Herr C. Schumacher, have been planned and drawn to scale. There are 150 of these plans, among them being one of the remarkable subterranean cities named Ed Dará, first mentioned by Wetzstein, who visited it at the beginning of this century. The inscriptions discovered were not many, and were chiefly Greek. The legends and traditions of this country were found to be principally connected with the book of Job. A great field of dolmens, containing many hundreds, was found. A voluminous memoir, with a full general description of the district, accompanies the map and drawings. The work will shortly be published.



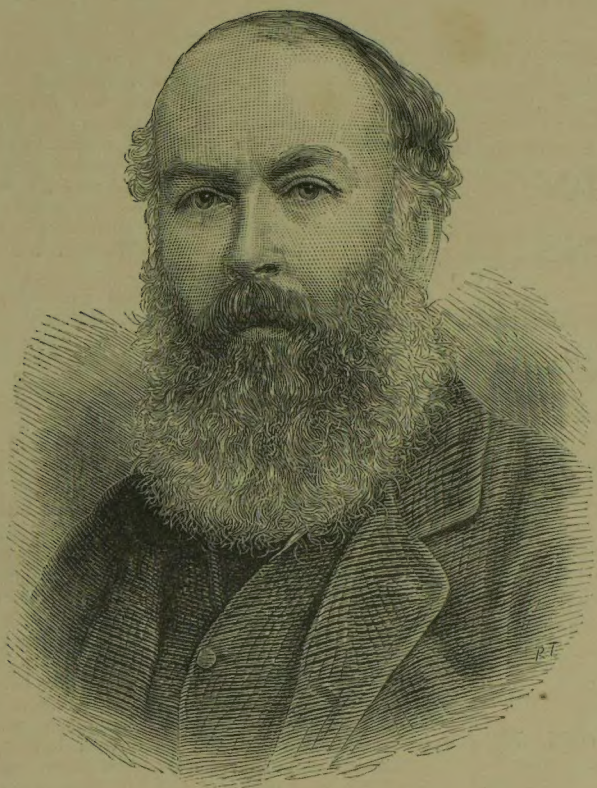
STUDLEY ROYAL, NEAR RIPON, YORKSHIRE,
THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, VISITED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



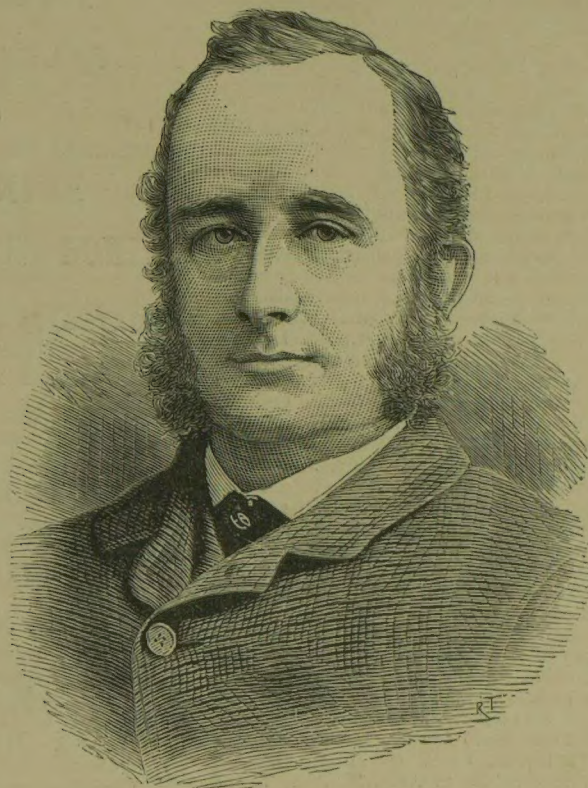
H.M.S. Devastation, with torpedo net.

H.M.S. Sultan and Rupert.

THE EVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON: REPELLING THE ATTACK BY TORPEDO-BOATS IN BLACKSOD BAY, MAYO, JULY 7.



SIR J. E. GORST, Q.C., M.P.
THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL.



SIR R. E. WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P.
THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

NEW LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

Sir Richard Everard Webster, Q.C., M.P. for Launceston, the newly-appointed Attorney-General, is the son of the late Mr. Thomas Webster, Q.C., who was himself a well-known lawyer. He was born in November, 1843, and was educated at Charterhouse School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was thirty-fifth Wrangler and Third Class Classical Scholar. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1868, and joined the South-Eastern (then Home) Circuit, and was afterwards appointed to the ancient but honorary offices of Tufman and Postman in the Court of Exchequer at Westminster. He was made a Queen's Counsel in 1878, when about thirty-five years of age, and is believed to be the only man who has for many years past received that honour at so early an age. Sir R. Webster has been extensively engaged in most of the heavy commercial and railway cases of the day, besides having a

large general practice; he has also recently been retained in numerous appeal cases in the House of Lords. The learned counsel, till his recent election for Launceston, had never sat in Parliament, although he has always taken a very prominent part at all Conservative gatherings and meetings. Sir R. Webster is a Governor of Charterhouse, and is also a member of the Council of the Inventions Exhibition.

Sir John Eldon Gorst, Q.C., M.P. for Chatham, who has been appointed Solicitor-General, is a son of the late Mr. E. C. Lowndes, of Preston, Lancashire, but he assumed the name of Gorst in lieu of Lowndes in 1853. He was born in May, 1835, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1857 and M.A. 1860. He was some years in New Zealand, where he was engaged officially in negotiations with the Maori tribes. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1865, when he joined the Northern Circuit, and was made a Queen's Counsel in 1875. The learned

gentleman sat for Cambridge from 1866 to 1868, and was first returned for Chatham in 1875; he unsuccessfully contested Hastings in 1865, and Cambridge in 1868. Sir John Gorst is not generally known as a leading member of the Bar, but he is considered a good sound lawyer. His first appearance in any case of public note was at the inquiry held some years ago respecting the death of Mr. Bravo, at Balham, when he represented the Crown at the inquest.

The Portrait of Sir R. E. Webster is from a photograph by Mr. Jabez Hughes, of Ryde, Isle of Wight; and that of Sir J. E. Gorst from one by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The Queen has approved of the good-service pension of £100 per annum, vacant by the death of Sir W. Muir, being bestowed upon Surgeon-General W. Mackinnon, of the Army Medical Staff, who has seen much active service.



"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE."

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, July 15.

In spite of the many issues of stock, the superabundance of money is now more evident than it was at any time before the turn of the half-year. Five-eighths per cent per annum is a full rate for the discount of three-months' bills, and at times day-to-day loans have been placed at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum. It is, therefore, obvious that as politics both at home and abroad are now without cause for anxiety there must be a further resort to securities. Investments through the Stock Exchange are in consequence increasing, and most of the best descriptions have further risen in value. It has happened, too, that as regards Transatlantic railway securities, some favourable conditions have been given to them within the past few days a buoyancy to which they have long been strangers. Some steps have been made towards a return to less unremunerative rates in the United States, and the effect upon the speculators for a further fall in prices has been such as to cause a rebound out of proportion to the probable gain in net traffic income. Grand Trunk stocks have joined in this movement because of the great extent of its American traffic, and they have been further affected by the prospects of a good harvest in Canada, and by the knowledge that there is now something like rational relationship with the Canadian Pacific Company. Canadian Pacific shares have risen considerably, apparently only from continuous purchases upon a market quite bare of stock. The company's traffic development, and the really grand manner in which the Dominion Parliament stand by this great national undertaking, alike impress investors.

The Central Sugar Factories of Brazil, Limited, make a bad report. Though all claims upon the Government under the guarantee have been met, there is a debit balance of £5667 on profit and loss account. This is after providing for mortgage interest. The $\frac{6}{8}$ per cent preferred shares have in consequence received no dividend for the past eighteen months. The directors appear to look for some improvement, and it is quite clear that unless this is of material extent the company cannot go on. In the six months to April 30 last the working resulted in a loss of £18,766, while the whole income guaranteed by the Government up to April 13, 1901, is but £15,356 each half-year.

British railway dividends for the past half-year are now appearing at intervals. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire net balance is short of the amount required to pay the preference dividends in full, but this is made up by taking £24,000 from the "telegraph award." This time last year $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum was paid on the ordinary capital, and out of current revenue.

After paying 5 per cent per annum for fifteen half-years, the directors of the Metropolitan Railway propose that the rate for the past half-year be 4. The directors say that, as a large reserve fund is in hand, the dividend could easily have been maintained at 5, but, as there are some arbitration questions still undecided, it is thought better not to resort to the reserve fund for the present, but wait their result, and, should that be favourable, to then pay a supplementary dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Offering stock to public tender has its advantages, but against the plan is the undoubted fact that the great mass of investors do not take to it, or, indeed, understand it. So long as the issue appeals opportunely to the "money market," the result is sure of success; but if the general public is relied upon there is nearly sure to be more or less of failure. The Indian 3½ per Cent Loan was cheap, and it was easily placed, but at little above the very low minimum fixed, so that the result is disappointing. The Cardiff Corporation offered £500,000 about the same time, and disposed of but half.

The bank dividends still being declared maintain the characteristics mentioned last week. They are generally the same as those of last year, with an occasional reduction. The National Discount again pay 12 per cent per annum.

Cable business with the United States has of late been so dull that the Direct Company are only able to pay 4 per cent for the past year, while the usual rate has been 5.

The stoppage of the Munster Bank can have only local influence, and liquidation ought not to be disastrous to the shareholders.

T. S.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON	Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
SEAPOURNE	Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road) and Liverpool-street.
ST. LEONARDS	Return Tickets from London available for eight days.
HASTINGS	Weekly, fortnightly, and monthly tickets.
WORTHING	Improved Train Services.
LITTLEHAMPTON	Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.
BOGNOR	
HAYLING ISLAND	
PORTSMOUTH	
SOUTHSEA	

BRIGHTON.—Cheap First Class Day Tickets to

Brighton every Week-day. From Victoria 10 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND

EASTBOURNE.—Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge 10.10 a.m. Week-days, 9.30 a.m. on Sundays, calling at East Croydon. From Victoria 9.55 a.m. Week-days, 9.25 a.m. Sundays, calling at Clapham Junction. From Kensington (Addison-road) 9.55 a.m. Week-days, 9.10 a.m. Sundays. Fares, 12s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEK-DAY AS UNDER—			
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.		Paris.	
London Bridge Station.		Paris.	
Saturday, July 18	Dep. 11.5 a.m.	Dep. 11.15 a.m.	Arr. 9.15 p.m.
Monday, " 20	" 11.55 a.m.	" 12.0 noon	" 10.30 "
Tuesday, " 21	" 12.25 p.m.	" 1.30 p.m.	" 11.45 "
Wednesday, " 22	" 8.45 a.m.	" 8.50 a.m.	" 8.50 "
Thursday, " 23	" 10.5 "	" 10.10 "	" 10.5 "
Friday, " 24	" 10.30 "	" 10.45 "	" 11.45 "

NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Week-day and Sunday.

FARES.—London to Paris and back 1st Class, £2 17s. 6d. 2nd Class, £2 15s. 6d. Available for Return within One Month.

Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 3s.

The Normandy and Brittany splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 24 hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's

West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

FIRST-CLASS TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

SATURDAY, JULY 18.—A First-Class Express Train will leave Victoria 7.30 a.m., for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Express Train at 7.40 p.m. Fare, First-Class Train and Steamer, 12s. 6d. Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, at the General Agency and Booking Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and at the Grand Hotel-building, Trafalgar-square, and from the preceding Monday.

(By order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.

The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.

Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel the Baths comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

A SPECIAL EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

WILL BE ISSUED

On Monday, July 27,

CONTAINING ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS BEATRICE

AND

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG,

ACCURATE

PORTRAITS OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES,

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The Wedding Number, which is apart from the ordinary issue, will be inclosed in an Elegant Wrapper.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Inland Postage, One Halfpenny.

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TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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BIRTH.

On the 3rd inst., at Amiens, France, the wife of Frederick Montague Townshend Lange, Assoc. M. Inst. C.E., M. Inst. M.E., of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 27th ult., at Christ Church, Pera, Constantinople, by the Rev. Canon Curtis, M.A., Francis Henry Bacon, of Boston, U.S.A., to Alice Mary, eldest daughter of the late F. W. Ca'vert, of the Dardanelles.

DEATH.

On the 11th inst., at 15, Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, Lucy, widow of Henry L. Wickham, Esq., of Binsted-Wyck, Hants, aged 80.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION,

SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1885.

Patron.—H.M. THE QUEEN.

President.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.

Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. MILITARY BANDS DAILY, and the STRAUSS ORCHESTRA from VIENNA.

EVENING FEETES.

Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps.

Special Evening Feetes, Wednesday and Saturdays.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry

Irving. OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, Every Evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. SPECIAL MATINEE OF OLIVIA, MONDAY NEXT, JULY 20. On THIS EVENING THE BELLS will be played for the only time. Box-Office (Mr. J. Harst) open Ten to Five, where seats can be booked in advance or by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.15.

THE PRINCES' THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

Lighted by Electricity.

EVERY EVENING, at Eight, will be played the Comedietta, by C. M. Rae, FIRST IN THE FIELD. Followed by, at Nine, the very successful Farce, Play, in Three Acts, by R. C. Carlton and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For cost, see daily papers. Doors open at twenty minutes to Eight; commence at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open Eleven till Five. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3700).

Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Griffiths.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NEW AND BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. Pantomime, 8.15 to 8.45. 3s.; 2s.; 1s.; 6d.; 3d.; 2d.; 1d. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and

"The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 80, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

THE QUEEN and LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wigram from studies made by him at Osborne.—108, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

SCOTLAND.—By the WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL

ROUTE.—LONDON and NORTH-WESTERN and CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS. Consequent on important arrangements made with the Postmaster-General for the acceleration of Mails between England and Scotland the following ADDITIONAL and IMPROVED SERVICE to and from Scotland by the West Coast Royal Mail Route is now in operation:—

TRAIN SERVICE.—Week-Days.—1st, 2nd, and 3rd class by all Trains.		A.M.		P.M.		A.M.		P.M.		A.M.		P.M.	
London (Euston Station), dep.		5.15	7.15	10.0	11.0	8.0	8.40	8.50	10.0	12.0	12.0	12.0	12.0
Edinburgh (Princes-st.), arr.		4.15	6.20	8.0	10.0	6.5	7.20	7.30	9.0	11.0	12.0	12.0	12.0
Glasgow (Central Stn.), arr.		4.25	6.0	8.0	10.0	6.5	7.30	7.40	9.10	11.10	12.0	12.0	12.0
Peebles " " " " " "		4.31	6.45	8.0	—	—	—	9.28	—	12.35	—	—	—
Greenock " " " " " "		5.40	7.15	9.5	11.42	7.10	—	8.45	10.45	12.50	—	—	—
Oban " " " " " "		9.43	—	—	4.45	—	—	12.15	2.34	6.17	—	—	—
Perth " " " " " "		6.50	—	9.55	11.50	7.25	8.15	9.5	11.10	3.45	—	—	—
Dundee " " " " " "		7.39	—	10.39	1.0	8.20	10.0	10.0	12.0	4.45	—	—	—
Aberdeen " " " " " "		10.0	—	3.20	3.20	9.55	11.55	11.55	12.15	8.30	—	—	—
Inverness " " " " " "		—	—	8.0	8.0	11.50	2.45	2.45	4.5	—	—	—	—

The 8.40 p.m. EXPRESS from EUSTON to PERTH will run from Monday July 20, to Tuesday, Aug. 11 (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted), as a Relief Train to the 8.50 p.m. Limited Mail. The train will take saloons with family parties and sleeping and ordinary carriages for Perth and beyond, but will not pick up passengers en route. By this means an undisturbed journey will be secured, and the earlier arrival at Perth will give ample time for breakfast, &c., before going forward to the Highlands.

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m.) will run every night (Saturdays excepted). A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 7.0 p.m. from Monday, July 13, to Tuesday, Aug. 11, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and carriages to all parts of Scotland.

A will run every night, but on Sunday mornings its arrival at Perth will be 8.30 a.m., and Inverness 1.30 p.m., and it will have no connection to Oban. (Saturday nights from London.) It will run every night, but will have no connection to Edinburgh and the North on Saturday night. G will run every night (Saturdays excepted).

Saloons, provided with lavatory accommodation, are attached to the 10.0 a.m. down Express-Train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge. IMPROVED SLEEPING SALOONS, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 6s. for each berth.

CALLANDER and OBAN LINE.

The line to Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of improved train service from Scotland to London see the Companies' time bills.

July, 1885.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway.

J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Earl of Rosebery has chanced to be one of the most prominent figures in the House of Lords of late. In company with Lord Cairington, the noble Earl on the 9th inst. accompanied Baron Rothschild to the table when that opulent nobleman made his debut as a Peer of the realm—the first Jew that has been so honoured in England. Then Lord Rosebery has with signal ability, tact, and characteristic clearness of utterance conducted the Secretary for Scotland Bill; and on the 10th inst. his Lordship replied with so much humour, good-humour, wit, and trenchancy to the Duke of Argyll's gratuitous and dogmatic flank attack upon his own Party that his Grace will probably feel less prone to lecture his former colleagues from the sublime altitude of a candid friend. Lord Rosebery deserves the gratitude of the House for thus enlivening it.

Their Lordships' sitting on Monday, opened by the oath-taking of Baron Powerscourt, Baron Henley, and Lord Hobhouse, actually lasted till close upon eight o'clock. Lord Halsbury is beginning to look more at home on the woolsack; and Ministers are settling down comfortably on the front bench to the right of the Lord Chancellor. Earl Spencer brought the knowledge gained as Lord Lieutenant to bear usefully upon the Irish Tramways Bill, which, at the noble Earl's suggestion, was referred to a Committee of the whole House with a view to save expense. Their Lordships also passed the Irish Poor Law Guardians Bill and the East India Loan Bill through Committee.

A welcome reappearance in the House of Lords on Tuesday was that of General Lord Wolseley, who, bronzed by the sun of Egypt, took his seat on the Ministerial side. The Earl of Northbrook was thoroughly justified in offering an earnest vindication of his Naval Estimate, in reply to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's charge that expenditure had exceeded the estimate by £850,000; but the noble Lord's effective protest against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's discovery of "one of the most extraordinary mare's nests that had ever been found" would have told better had he been brief instead of prolix. His explanation was satisfactory so far as it went; and the Earl of Harrowby, on the part of the Government, discreetly yielded to the application for a Commission of Inquiry into Admiralty accounts. It is now clear that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would have been wiser if he had consulted Lord Northbrook as frankly and chivalrously as Lord John Manners has co-operated with Mr. Shaw Lefevre, his predecessor at the Post Office.

The Budget of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was, on the whole, as tame as Mr. Childers's was exciting. The Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer may be credited with a faculty for clear exposition. Adopting as his own the part of Mr. Childers's financial statement not objected to, Sir Michael proposed that the Income Tax should remain at Eightpence for this year (though he thought an early attempt should be made to reduce it to a normal limit: hear! hear!); could not resist the temptation to imply censure on the Liberal administration of the Admiralty by a lament that the constable had been outrun to the extent of £850,000; and he moved that the total estimated deficit of £3,877,000 should be met by the issue of Treasury bonds for not more than Four Millions. After some slight criticism from Mr. Childers, and a reply by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Ministerial proposals were agreed to. Thereafter, a measure rendered necessary by some painful disclosures—the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, sanctioned by the House of Lords—was read the second time; and certain amendments were promised to make it more efficacious for the protection of girls. It may be submitted, however, that Home vigilance will prove a stronger safeguard than the most stringent Act of Parliament. A kindred topic, that of the appalling evil of over-crowding in the abjectly miserable tenements of the destitute poor, was discussed the following evening, at the instigation of Mr. Samuel Smith, the philanthropic Radical member for Liverpool, whose proposal of a system of industrial training of an evening for poor children received pious support from Sir Richard Cross, but pious support only. Is it not time for Sir Charles Dilke to unfold the bill on this subject based upon the recommendations of the long-sitting Royal Commission?

Lord Randolph Churchill (whose bluff and candid mode of answering questions put to him as Secretary for India is vivaciously appreciated on his own side) could not conceal his self-satisfaction when, proud of his charge, he on Monday escorted Mr. Gorst, his guide, philosopher, and friend of the promoted "Fourth Party," to the table in the goodly fellowship of Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff. Secretary for India, Solicitor-General, and Ambassador-Designate to Cairo, this prominent trio of the "Fourth Party" may be said to have done very well indeed—for themselves.

In view of the negotiations still progressing with Russia regarding the settlement of the Afghan frontier, Mr. W. H. Smith was on Monday amply justified in proceeding with the Supplementary Army Estimate for 35,000 men. With the approval and support of the Marquis of Hartington, the vote was sanctioned, albeit Mr. P. Rylands deemed 12,000 men sufficient for the emergency. Votes of £606,000 for the Volunteers, and £384,500 for the Army Reserve were also granted. On the vote for Commissariat, Dr. Cameron opportunely called attention to the faulty provisioning of the Nile Expedition; and hoped that in future the Parliamentary officials of the War Office would not be fascinated by the permanent officers as birds were by snakes.

The commercial community doubtless received with lively satisfaction Lord John Manners's assurance on Monday that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre would proceed with the Sixpenny Telegram Bill, to which the Postmaster-General will propose amendments in Committee. Another generally satisfactory step was Mr. A. Balfour's introduction of a Government bill to remove the electoral disqualification for medical relief imposed by the Lords.

Mr. Edward Stanhope was on Tuesday perspicacious as ever in asking the House to sanction the vote of £3,302,772 for Education; and he well merited the congratulations of Mr. Mundella and Mr. Sidney Buxton, so commendably clear was his statement. Mr. Stanhope secured his vote; and Sir Henry Holland was similarly fortunate with several Civil Service Estimates. If this laudable dispatch continues, Parliament will be prorogued well within the Twelfth.

Further open-air performances of "The Faithful Shepherdess" have been given at Coombe House grounds this week at popular prices.

A fine show of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, brought together by the Royal Horticultural Society, was held on Tuesday in the Conservatory at South Kensington.

The laying of a new telegraph cable between Aberdeen and the Shetland Islands was completed on Tuesday by the cable-ship Monarch. The cable will be of great value in the development of the herring-fishing industry, in which fast steamers are now employed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the playgoers in London have seen "Théodora" in a far richer and more costly dress than the consort of Justinian ever wore in Paris. It is assumed that because the Paris newspapers raved about the wonderful spectacle connected with Sardou's play that, therefore, there was something special in the mounting as displayed at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. It was not strange that this should be the popular impression. We heard of Sara Bernhardt's entry in jewel-covered robes to receive a deputation of potentates; of the Byzantine decoration bestowed upon the Emperor Justinian's palace; of the superb realisation of old semi-barbaric life as displayed when the Emperor and Empress enter the Imperial box to behold the sports in the arena of Constantinople; and of the faultless landscapes devoted to the garden grounds of the Athenian Andreas. But the reality did not equal the description. All who went to the Porte St. Martin Theatre saw some splendid dresses, some fair scene-painting, and no more. There was nothing very strange or wonderful in the stage-setting of "Théodora." For instance, it could not compare with the Lyceum mounting of "The Cup" in any possible respect, and the silly arrangement of the scene where the Emperor and Empress are supposed to behold the vast arena would have made any English stage manager laugh. I should like to have seen how Mr. Henry Irving, with his faithful lieutenant, Mr. Henry Loveday, would have managed such a scene. Not in this fashion, I imagine. As a matter of fact, the Gaiety scenes are exact replicas in every detail of those used for "Théodora" in Paris; the properties are as good, if not better; and the stage arrangement is precisely the same. The advantage that we have over here is, that the scenes are better painted, and the whole show is smarter in the Strand than at the further end of the boulevard by the old gate of Paris. The play made exactly the impression on an English audience that I anticipated. It was voted as too long, too diffuse, too much hampered by unnecessary conversation, but wonderfully fine in its more stirring and dramatic passages. In the first love scene with Andreas, where Théodora hears the revolutionary song and stops her lover's mouth; in the death of the young soldier Marcellus, stabbed by Théodora with a stiletto from her hair; and at the death scene of Andreas, Sara Bernhardt is wonderfully fine; so fine, indeed, that it makes one regret that she had not more carefully husbanded her strength and resources. Hard work is telling upon her, and she is losing that great requisite in art—care. I have seen Sara Bernhardt numberless times—in "Hernani," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Frou-Frou," and "Fedora," but I never remember her to have wearied of a character so soon as this Théodora. Of course, like all geniuses, she is unequal. She plays a part infinitely better one night than another. But I never remember her so weary and listless on a first night in London. Philippe Garnier, who plays the Emperor Justinian, did not make the impression that I expected. I still think this a very fine and artistic performance. Nor will Parisian playgoers be pleased to hear that their favourite Marais received but a cold welcome as Andreas, the lover. But there was a reason for it. Parisian art is changing; and over here we have not become reconciled to the storm, stress, and violence of undisciplined power. Reserved force is one thing, but explosive acting is quite another. The two most carefully modulated and artistic performances in the play were the Tamyras of Marie Laurent and the young Marcellus of M. Volny. But these fine points of criticism apart, no one who cares about the contemporary stage will willingly miss "Théodora," or fail to thank M. Mayer for one of the most spirited enterprises in connection with the history of French plays in this country. To get Sara Bernhardt and the whole of a Parisian company over to London is one thing, but quite another to paint entirely new scenery for a play that can only possibly run for eleven nights.

And there is another reason why everyone must see Théodora in French. They are bound to attend Mr. Toole's Theatre in order to laugh at Mr. Frank Burnand's comical version, in English. "The O'Dora; or, the Wrong Accent," is one of the best of these amusing parodies. The story is wonderfully well told, in a very short space of time; the satire is good-natured, the songs are good, and the puns incessant. Mr. Toole, of course, leads the way with a delightfully funny rendering of Andreas, as good a bit of comic acting as he has given us for some time, and he finds a charming and graceful assistant in Miss Marie Linden, who is one of the few distinctly imaginative actresses on the stage. She is æsthetic in the true sense of the word, and she can do nothing without showing her innate refinement and appreciation of all that is delicate and expressive in art. Mr. Ward is another very clever young comic actor, whose good services are scantily used on this occasion. Mr. Burnand's parody has been received with signal favour, and I am not at all sure that it will not amuse those who have never seen, and have no opportunity of seeing the French play.

The weatherwise in theatrical matters are always looking out for reaction. Taste is as transitory at the theatre as in the fashion-book. At one moment straight skirts, at another dress improvers. First tragedy, then farce at the play. There are just the faintest signs of a reaction against the more violent form of farce-acting in the welcome that has been given to "Cousin Johnny," by Mr. Nisbett and Mr. C. M. Rae, at the Strand Theatre. Here we have pronounced comedy as opposed to noisy complication. It is the humour of the head and heart as contrasted with the humour of surprise and situation. Hitherto it has been conceded that the dramatic workman who is the best chessplayer, who can move his characters in the most ingenious fashion on the boards, is *ipso facto* the best dramatist. Sense has given way to situation. The mere stage trick of bringing down the curtain on a forced tableau has been enough to make a dramatic fortune. Mr. John S. Clarke, as Cousin Johnny, shows that the taste for genuine comedy is not dead. But then he is one of the best comedians in plays new or old, that the stage can present. To see the effect he can produce on a mixed audience as Wellington De Boots, Mr. Toodles, Dr. Pangloss, Zekiel Homespun, and Johnny, shows at once his extreme versatility and his power. He has that great gift the majority of English-speaking artists lack—expression. It is colourlessness and stereotyped insipidity that are the hindrances to popular work on the stage. If actors and actresses only go on to the stage to do precisely what they do off it, they are uninteresting. There must be a suspicion of caricature in comedy, and it is only the artist who knows how to draw the line between that which is comic and that which is tedious and vulgar. Mr. John S. Clarke is essentially a comic actor. He knows exactly where life, character, and manner should be exaggerated for the purposes of the stage. Hence his success. The story of "Cousin Johnny" is simple enough; the dialogue is unpretending, but useful; the acting of the subordinate characters is not particularly startling, but Mr. John S. Clarke carries everything before him. Look at the result. At a time when it is said that no one will go to the theatre, we find the little Strand crammed to see Mr. Clarke as Johnny.

C. S.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, C. A. B. (Teddington).—Curious enough, but we are satisfied that it is a coincidence only. One of your problems is marked for insertion.

H. T. H.—Your solutions were received on July 7, and are acknowledged in the present Number. Please to bear in mind that this column is prepared for press a week in advance of publication.

G. J. (Gateshead).—Your "adhesive" pieces have not adhered. Describe the position on a diagram by written characters—"W K" for White King, &c.—and we shall be pleased to examine it.

W. B. (Stratford).—Referring to your last three-move problem, look at 1. Kt to Q B 8th and 2. Q to Q K 2nd, &c.

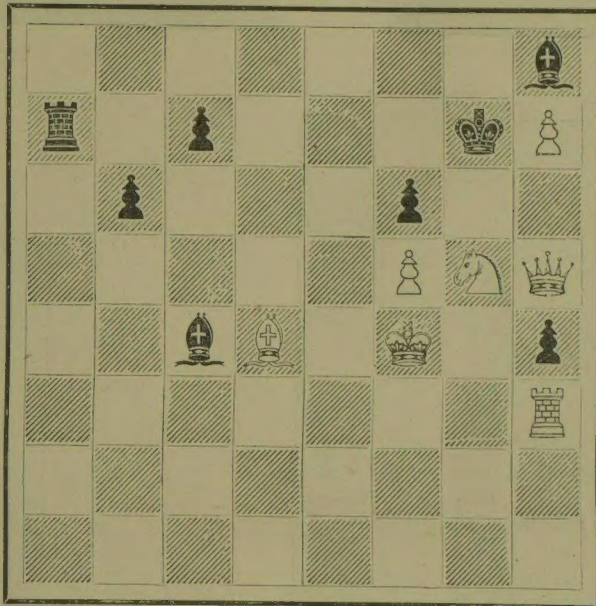
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2130 received from H. T. H.; of No. 2131 from W. H. D. Henvey, A. Chapman, A. H. W. L. Gurney; of No. 2132 from Pierce Jones, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), H. T. H., A. Chapman, E. L. G., Carl Stepan, John Hodgson (Maldstone); of No. 2133 from Clement Fawcett, Venator, Charles H. Hanlon (Dublin), F. F. Pott, Pierce Jones, Baker O. M., H. T. H., W. H. D. Henvey, Tam. A. Chapman, E. L. G., Casino National de Jerez, R. Dunipace, and John Hodgson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2134 received from Hereward, L. L. Greenaway, Shadforth, W. Hillier, L. Desanges, E. Casella (Paris), F. F. Pott, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Aaron Harper, P. A. Bright, H. Wardell, Rev. J. R. Olovenshaw, G. W. Law, B. R. Wood, R. H. Brooks, T. Sinclair, S. Lowndes, W. Hatt, J. Alois Schumcke, J. Naylor, J. K. (South Hampstead), Jupiter Junior, Pierce Jones, W. Hillier, Joseph Ainsworth, E. H. Ben Nevis, L. Falcon (Antwerp), F. Ferris, J. W. McKenzie, C. Darragh, G. S. Oldfield, Richard Murphy (Wexford), R. Gray, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), A. M. Porter, L. Wyman, H. H. S. Bullen, W. H. D. Henvey, A. W. Scrutton, J. Hall, R. L. Southwell, N. S. Harris, W. J. Rudman, C. W. Milson, Otto Fuldner (Ghent), D. W. Kell, W. Warren, F. Marshall, W. P. Welch, H. Blacklock, G. H. Palmer, T. Greenbank, H. E. Woods, George J. Veale, A. C. Hunt, Julia Short, Tam. James Pilkington, R. Jessop, E. L. G., G. Huskisson, F. West, Carl Stepan, J. Nobel, C. A. S. (Exeter), E. Loudon, G. Riley, Columbus, E. Cornish, W. Slade, Will-Mac, W. L. Salisbury, James Inglis, W. Bidde, "Shot," R. Ingersoll, and M. O. Halloran.

PROBLEM No. 2136.

By W. WODEHOUSE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the Tournament of the British Chess Association between the Rev. G. A. MacDONNELL and Mr. L. MAN.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	He cannot save the K B P except by sacrificing the exchange.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	20. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
4. B to Kt 5th (ch)	B to Q 2nd	21. P to R 3rd	
5. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	This apparently irrelevant move, leaving a Pawn <i>en prise</i> , should have put Mr. Loman on his guard.	
6. B takes B (ch)	Kt takes B	21. Q to Q B 2nd seems the right move here.	
7. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	22. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt
8. P to Q 4th	K Kt to B 3rd	23. B to K 7th	
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	A masterly <i>coup de repos</i> , which enables him to check with Queen at B 6th at the proper moment.	
10. P to B 3rd	P to B 5th	23. Q to B sq	Kt to B 4th
11. Kt to K 5th	P to K 3rd	25. R takes Kt	R to B 5th (ch)
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	P takes P	26. R takes R	Q takes R (ch)
13. P takes P	R to Q B sq	27. K to Kt 2nd	Q to B 7th (ch)
14. P to B 4th	P takes P	28. K to Kt 3rd,	
15. P takes P	Kt to R 4th	White mates in a few moves.	
An ill-judged move that leads to exchanges which result in opening the Bishop's file to the attack.			
16. P to K Kt 4th	B takes Kt		
17. B P takes B	Kt to Kt 2nd		
18. B to R 3rd			
This and White's next move are very effective.			
18. R to K s 1			

GERMAN CHESS CONGRESS.

The fourth congress of the German Chess Association was opened at Hamburg on Sunday last, the 12th inst. There are twenty-two entries for the principal tourney, including Messrs. Blackburne, Bird, Gunsberg, and Mason, from London; Captain Mackenzie, from New York; and such well-known names as J. Berger (of Graz), L. Paulsen, W. Paulsen, J. Minckwitz, B. Englisch (of Vienna), and Messrs. Riemann and Schallap (of Berlin). There are five prizes provided for the master tourney, value respectively £50, £37 10s., £25, £15, and £10; and for the other tourney, in which there are twenty-four competitors, four prizes are offered, value respectively £15, £8 15s., £6 5s., and £5. Among the amateurs in the latter competition is Mr. W. H. Pollock, who won the fourth prize in the recent tourney of the British Chess Association, as well as the prize presented by Lord Tennyson. In addition to these items, the programme includes a problem tourney for eight prizes, a solution tourney for two, and exhibitions of chess-play, "simultaneous" and *sans voir*, by Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Blackburne. The play commenced on Monday last in the "Alsterhalle" of the Hotel du Nord, but we go to press too early in the week to comment on its progress.

The annual prize festival and gymnastic display of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind has been fixed for to-day (Saturday). The prizes will be distributed by Princess Frederica of Hanover, and the diplomas by Lady Edith Ashley, the chair being taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury. To-day the National Cyclists' Union will hold there the fifty-miles bicycling championship meeting; and in the evening an illuminated fête will take place.

A circular has been issued by the executive committee of the Soudan War Correspondents' Memorial Fund, in which attention is called to the feeling among members of the Press in favour of erecting a memorial to correspondents who fell during the late campaigns in the Soudan—Messrs. O'Donovan, Vizetelly, Power, Cameron, Herbert, and Roberts. The movement is confined to members of the Press, and no subscriptions will be received from the general public, but it is hoped that members of the Press in all parts of the country will aid in the movement. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Walker, Press Club, Chancery-lane; or, to Mr. Wade, Savage Club, Lancaster House, Savoy.

Chatty and picturesque in style, Mr. Henry W. French's admirable illustrated lectures on American life, scenes, and character have interested large audiences at the Prince's Hall during the past few weeks. The salient features of New York, Boston, Niagara, Chicago, the Yosemite Valley, Rocky Mountains, and San Francisco have been brought home to Londoners by means of the excellent views upon which Mr. French eloquently expatiates. Not the least praiseworthy point of Mr. French's entertaining lectures has been the tone of hearty cordiality evinced towards England and the English, who were assured a warm welcome in the United States. The growth of this feeling of attachment between the two countries (proved afresh by a fashionable wedding this very week) is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.

OBITUARY.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

The Right Rev. George Moberly, D.C.L., Bishop of Salisbury, died on the 6th inst. He was born Oct. 10, 1803, the son of Mr. Edward Moberly, of St. Petersburg, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Cayley, Consul-General in Russia; was educated at Winchester and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1825, when he was First-Class in Classics. In 1826 he gained the prize for English Essay, from 1830 to 1833 was Fellow and Tutor of his college, and in 1833, 1838, and 1863 was Select Preacher. From 1835 to 1866 he was Head Master of Winchester College, from 1866 to 1869 held the Rectory of Brightstone, in 1868 was appointed Canon of Chester, and in 1869 consecrated Bishop of Salisbury. His Lordship married, in 1834, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Crotat, of Leghorn, and had seven sons and eight daughters. On the 10th inst. the body of the late Dr. Moberly was interred in the cloisters adjoining Salisbury Cathedral. A crowded congregation occupied the cathedral during the first part of the ceremony, including most of the members of the deceased prelate's family. Dean Boyle performed the service at the grave-side, and Bishop Kelly pronounced the benediction.

DR. VEITCH.

William Veitch, LL.D., the eminent Greek scholar, died at Edinburgh on the 8th inst., aged ninety-one. He edited several important classical works, the best-known of which is his "Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective." He edited also "Homer's Iliad," and various Greek publications. For some time he was occupied with the revision of "Liddell and Scott's Lexicon." The degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the Edinburgh University.

MR. SHERIFF SUBSTITUTE SMITH.

Mr. Donald Macleod Smith, Sheriff Substitute of the counties of Nairn and Elgin, whose death is announced, was much respected in the north of Scotland. Originally a solicitor and banker at Golspie, he became afterwards an Advocate of the Scotch Bar in 1853, and was appointed, in 1862, Sheriff Substitute of Elgin and Nairn. His judicial duties did not take him altogether from the pursuit of literature, to which he was always devoted. He was author of a translation of a German version of the Song of Solomon, and prepared for the press a large octavo volume of sermons by Dr. Robert Lee, of the Greyfriars' Church.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Williams, on the 6th inst., on the homeward march between Pitt and Battleford, Canada.

Mrs. Henry Lynch (Theodora Elizabeth), authoress of several works of fiction, and a poetess of merit, recently. She was the widow of one of the Judges in Jamaica.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Blunt, on the 5th inst. His brother Charles is heir-presumptive of the baronetcy of Blunt, of Heathfield Park, Sussex.

Mr. Edward Vincent Wheeler, of Kyrewood House, and Newnham Court, in the county of Worcester, J.P., and D.L., High Sheriff 1857, on the 4th inst., aged fifty-four.

Colonel Richard Hunter, late 7th Madras Cavalry, younger brother of the late James William Hunter, of Thurston, East Lothian, on the 8th inst., at St. Jean de Luz, France.

Mr. James Macfarlane, the well-known Scottish journalist, at the age of fifty-two. He was associated, successively, with the *Caledonian Mercury*; the *Northern Daily Express*, of Newcastle; the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Scotsman*.

Admiral James Sydney Stopford, R.N., on the 8th inst., aged seventy-seven. He was fifth son of the Hon. and Rev. Richard Bruce Stopford, Chaplain to the Queen, and Canon of Windsor, by Eleanor, his wife, daughter of the first Lord Lilford.

The Rev. Henry James Lee-Warner, M.A., Hon. Canon of Norwich Cathedral, on the 10th inst., at Thorpland Hall, Fakenham, aged eighty-three. He was eldest son of the Rev. James Lee-Warner, who changed his patronymic Woodward. Canon Lee-Warner married, 1835, Anne, daughter of the Rev. H. N. Astley, and leaves issue.

Lieutenant-Colonel Travers Dodgson Madden, Bengal Staff Corps, second in command 12th Kelat-i-Gulzie Regiment, on the 12th ult., at Lucknow, in India, aged forty-six. He was second son of Mr. John Travers Madden, of Inch House, county Dublin, J.P., and the lineal descendant of John Madden, D.D., Dean of Kilmore, brother of the famous Samuel Madden, D.D., one of the founders of the Royal-Dublin Society.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The 7th Surrey Rifles, 700 of all ranks, and the 3rd Surrey, 500, were inspected last Saturday in the Lambeth Palace Grounds, and at Nunhead.

The annual shooting competition of the London Irish Rifles, for a series of prizes presented by the Duke of Connaught (Hon. Colonel), Earl Spencer, Sir Richard Wallace, the Duke of Abercorn, General Sir H. C. Daubeney, and other donors, took place last Saturday at the Government ranges, Milton.

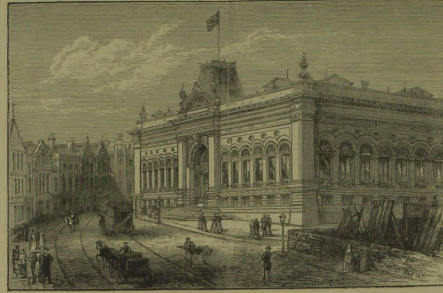
The City of London Volunteer Artillery Brigade, the strongest corps of the arm in the Home District, underwent its annual official inspection by Colonel Finch, R.A., last Saturday evening, on the Horse Guards Parade. When formed up in line under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Hope, V.C., the muster showed a total of 1069 officers and men in sixteen batteries. The brigade afterwards marched to Wellington Barracks for inspection in gun and repository drill. Colonel Finch expressed himself well pleased with the drill and appearance of the corps.

The 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineers, to the number of 500, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. Kirby, mustered at three o'clock last Saturday afternoon in Monument-yard, and proceeded by rail to Eltham, where they were met by the field service waggons, which had gone down by road, and, preceded by their band, they marched through the village to Avery-hill House, the residence of their recently-appointed hon. Colonel, T. J. North, in whose park they pitched their tents. The men were inspected by the hon. Colonel, who expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which the movements were executed. After partaking of a hot dinner, cooked in ovens on the ground, a large camp fire was lighted, and the men gathered round it, as well as a large number of visitors and friends. The hon. Colonel entertained the officers at dinner in a large marquee. On Sunday a drum-head service was held on the ground by the Rev. H. Huleatt, chaplain of the regiment, the band playing the accompaniment to the hymns. The camp was struck late at night, and the men returned to London, highly pleased with their outing.

Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, barrister, has been elected, without opposition, as Coroner for the Kingston Division of Surrey.



BOAR-LANE, LEEDS.

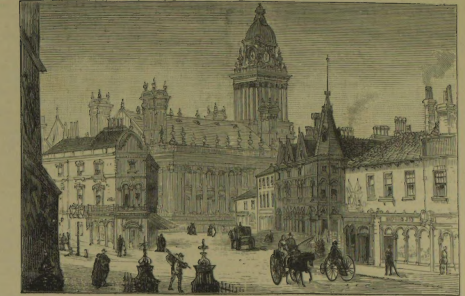


THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, LEEDS.

ROYAL
VISIT
TO
LEEDS
AND
PRESTON



THE RIVER AIRE, FROM LEEDS BRIDGE.



THE LEEDS TOWNHALL, FROM THE INFIRMARY GROUNDS.



THE OLD PARISH CHURCH, LEEDS.



THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LEEDS.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW-YARD, PRESTON.



FISHER'S, PRESTON.



GENERAL VIEW OF PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.

ROYAL VISIT TO LEEDS AND PRESTON.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on Tuesday evening, arrived at Studley Royal, near Ripon, Yorkshire, as the guests of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon. On Wednesday, their Royal Highnesses visited the great manufacturing town of Leeds, and performed the ceremony of opening the new Yorkshire College. On Thursday, the Prince of Wales went to Preston, in North Lancashire, to attend the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and to favour that town with his presence, which was again enjoyed on Friday. We present this week some Illustrations of Leeds and Preston, and a view of Studley Royal.

The park and pleasure-grounds of Studley Royal, which became in 1845 the property of the late Earl De Grey, uncle to the present Marquis of Ripon, who succeeded in 1859, belonged at the beginning of the eighteenth century to Mr. John Aislabie, sometime Chancellor of the Exchequer. He partly rebuilt the Elizabethan mansion-house, and laid out the grounds in the fashionable taste of that period, with terraces and straight walks, trim evergreen hedges, smooth lawns, canals and ponds, of a somewhat formal character, and mimic temples of allegorical sentiment, adorned with numerous statues. But the park contains something finer than these—the noble ruins of Fountains Abbey, on the rocky banks of the Skell, amidst a growth of old trees, underwood, and ivy, which have a very picturesque aspect. This grand Cistercian monastery, founded in the twelfth century by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, under the direct patronage of St. Bernard, took its name from the number of springs rising around the chosen site in the valley. The buildings, of Transition Norman architecture, except the choir, which is Early English, with the Chapter-house, and the Perpendicular Gothic tower, were very stately, the community having acquired great wealth. The last Abbot but one was hanged in 1537 at Tyburn, for taking part in the Northern rebellion called "the Pilgrimage of Grace," provoked by the harshness of the Protestant Reformation.

The small town of Ripon, with its beautiful Cathedral, is on the North-Eastern Railway, eleven miles beyond Harrogate, and so much farther due north of Leeds. The metropolis of the English woollen manufactures, Leeds, only approached in importance by Bradford, stands on the river Aire, which is crossed by a fine iron bridge; the town covers the width of the valley, with the hill on its north side. Its special trade was imported here by the Flemings in the reign of Edward III., and the market was anciently held on the old bridge, or in the street called Briggate or Bridge-gate. The Mixed Cloth Hall was built in 1758, and the White Cloth Hall in 1775, for the better accommodation of dealers in the staple manufacture, but have been superseded by grander buildings. The population now amounts to a quarter of a million, some of whom are employed in flax-spinning, the linen manufacture, or in iron-works, machine-making, dyeing and bleaching, leather-tanning, and various manufactures of glass and hardware. An example of the central part of the town is seen in our Artist's Sketch of Boar-lane; the principal warehouses are in Wellington-street, and the best shops are in Briggate. The old parish church, St. Peter's, was rebuilt about forty years ago, when the Rev. Dr. Hook, afterwards Dean of Chichester, was Vicar of Leeds; the interior is richly adorned with carved oak and stained glass, and has a beautiful sculptured reredos of alabaster, with several good monuments. St. John's Church, built early in the seventeenth century, retains its original style, and is peculiarly quaint inside. The Townhall of Leeds, which was opened by her Majesty the Queen in 1858, is a very grand Roman edifice, with dome and tower and pillared Corinthian portico, erected at a cost of £120,000 from the designs of Mr. Cuthbert Brodick. It contains the Victoria Hall, spacious enough to hold eight thousand persons, where the Prince and Princess were received by the assembled townsfolk on Wednesday. The Royal Exchange and the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, which last-named institution has achieved great success and exerts much influence in Yorkshire, are represented among our Illustrations; also the new building erected at Woodhouse Moor for the Yorkshire College, the architect of which is Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and of which we shall give a further account.

The ancient County Town of Preston is now a place of considerable manufacturing industry and trade, and is likely to become an important commercial seaport by the works for improving the Ribble Navigation and constructing large docks, which the Borough Corporation have boldly undertaken. In September, 1882, when the lamented late Duke of Albany, with the Duchess, was expected to visit Preston at the high local and municipal festival of the Guild Merchant, which is held every twenty years, we published a series of Sketches, including those of the Townhall, St. John's Parish Church, the "Old Shambles," the Royal Infirmary, the Mechanics' Institution, Avenham Park, the Railway Hotel, and Fulwood Barracks, and the new building of the Harris Free Library and Museum. The late Duke of Albany was prevented, by the delicate state of his health, from coming on that occasion; but his place was supplied by the Duke of Cambridge, and some Illustrations of the festive and ceremonial proceedings appeared in our Journal. Preston, thirty-one miles north-west of Manchester, has a population of one hundred thousand, chiefly employed in cotton-weaving, and is the trade centre of the North Lancashire industrial district, comprising the large towns of Blackburn, Accrington, Colne, and Burnley, with many thriving factory villages more populous than most of the towns in the South of England. It is also the market of a rich agricultural district, including "the Fylde" and other parts of North-west Lancashire, which has caused it this year to be chosen for the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. If the English cotton trade and manufacture should ever be favoured with a fresh great burst of prosperity, which seems to be doubtful, Preston might some day attain a position equal to that which Manchester enjoyed at the period immediately following the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and would then have a great advantage in its maritime position, rendering it quite independent of the port of Liverpool. The construction of the "Albert Edward Dock," to be inaugurated by the Prince of Wales upon this occasion, is an augury of this commercial prospect, and is a work of national importance. The historical associations of Preston, as the Northern head-quarters of the Royalist party in the Civil Wars, and of the English Jacobite rebellions in 1715 and 1745, are very interesting to lovers of the past; and its local antiquities, which have been diligently explored, and of which the *Preston Guardian* last Saturday gave a minute account, are well deserving of study. Visitors not hitherto acquainted with North Lancashire, the scenery of which differs entirely from that of the plain of the Mersey, will be surprised at the fine situation of Preston, standing on the lofty right bank of a beautiful river, overlooking a vast and varied landscape with many wooded parks and reaches of verdant meadow, with far-off towns and villages, with the broadening estuary to the sea, on the right hand, and with hills of a mountainous aspect closing up the Ribblesdale valley to the left. The river-front of the town, above the railway viaducts and the bridges, is agreeably occupied by two public pleasure-grounds, the Avenham and the Miller Park; which are very prettily laid out, and the

popular character of which is enhanced by their having been made by the labour of thousands of the working factory hands, during the "Cotton Famine" of the American Civil War, earning their share of the Relief Fund. Our Sketches this week present a general view of Preston, and one of the main street, which is called Fishergate, as it was the ancient lane, "from the little port where fishing-boats were moored, to go up the hill to the Guildhall in the heart of the old burgh." The Townhall, a stately building of Early English style, designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, with a clock-tower and spire nearly 200 ft. high, stands in Fishergate, and has the Exchange on its ground-floor; it contains a great hall, which is, with the vestibule, decorated with medallions and wall-pictures of subjects of local and historical interest. The other side of the Townhall fronts the Market-place, where is also the Harris Free Library, Museum, and Gallery of Art.

We shall probably have occasion next week to notice the show of the Royal Agricultural Society, the ground selected for which is in Moor Park, approached by Garstang-road, where suitable buildings have been erected under the direction of Mr. Bennison, surveyor to the Society, vast ranges of sheds for implements, machines, cattle, and collections of sample produce, a working dairy, offices for the Council, stewards, and others, and an ornamental pavilion, handsomely furnished and decorated for the Prince of Wales. The surrounding grounds, with grass and shrubberies, adjacent to the large marquee, have an inviting appearance.

A LONDONER'S REVERIE IN JULY.

Summer and sunshine, pleasant though they are, have their drawbacks, like most agreeable things in this world. If we could all do as we like, and travel where we please, the splendour of the July days would be universally welcome; but many of us have to spend the hot hours in offices and law courts, in shops and warehouses, or in taxing our brains to write what it may perhaps weary others to read. How one longs sometimes for a breath of sweet country air, for country sights and sounds, for a dream under the shadow of the lime-trees, for a plunge amidst the dense foliage of the woods! Nature, with her many voices, cries out for us, and we cry out for her. We long to escape from the bondage imposed by business and custom, and begin to think that civilisation and city ways are unmitigated bores. What is to be done? The noble savage ran wild in woods: but, alas! we are not noble savages, but wear hats and carry umbrellas. Leander swam the Hellespont, and found his Hero waiting for him with open arms on the other side: for us, if we can swim at all, there are the Lambeth Baths. In weather like this, who, save the few dyspeptic invalids who fear to cross the Channel, does not long to sail away over the glad waters, with "youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm," in true poetic fashion? Well, instead of the grateful scent of the ocean, we have the smells of the river; and instead of the foam and fret of the sea-horses, the spasmodic puffs of the penny steamers.

We are fortunate fellows after all! A man need not be so very unhappy in London even in July. The sparrows have not left it, so he can study ornithology; flies and gnats are not disposed to be shy, and he can study entomology. Natural history, indeed, has lessons for him in every street; botany may be specially pursued in Covent-garden; and astronomy invites him to lift his eyes above the chimney-pots. Moreover, there are vast regions in London for which Art has done as little as for the Grand Hotel at Charing-cross: how much room then has been left for Nature, how much for imagination! The impecunious Londoner, by-the-way, will find a rare comforter in that "delusive faculty," as Bishop Butler impertinently called it. Imagination delusive! Why, for many of us it is the food of life; say, rather, the wine which makes glad the cockney's heart. Don't we all know how Wordsworth's "Poor Susan" saw by the help of this faculty—

Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flow on through the vale of Cheapside.

Imagination will help the Londoner in many ways. Every railway station he passes, the advertisements in the papers, the bills posted on the walls, may carry him in fancy and free of expense to the loveliest places in these British islands, and to spots less known, but not lovelier, abroad. The remote ends of the world seem brought near to London now, and, like Puck, we can put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. It is stimulating to think of these far distances while staying under the shadow of St. Paul's or within sound of Big Ben. Then for those of us who love solitude, what a charming place is London in July! There are spots for meditation, almost within hail of Fleet-street; there are lonely walks by the river, or in the parks, at early morning; there is—at least, for a few select spirits—the leafy retirement of Lincoln's Inn Fields; there are empty City churches, the doors of which will open to a silver key; and there is a grassy and vegetative wilderness in Kew Gardens. And it must not be forgotten that, just outside the Londoner's spacious prison-house, there are spots innumerable to allure a wanderer in the July evenings. A few pence carry him beyond the smoke—we had almost said beyond the builders—and land him in rural suburbs such as no great Continental capital can boast of. To be sure, he must take a merry heart with him, for mirth in this solemn country of ours is not a purchasable article—no, not even at Rosherville. Glad innocent laughter is not often heard in our streets, whether in town or country; and we still take our pleasure a little sadly, as Froissart said we did many long centuries ago. But this sober method has its advantages. Mere pleasure-taking is scarcely worth enthusiasm, unless our chances of amusement are restricted to Bank holidays.

Of the customary pleasures of the great city during the season, nothing has been said. We all know them, and perhaps know them too well; but *à fresco* entertainments never lose their charm when the weather will permit them, and at picnics, cricket-matches, lawn-tennis parties, and boating excursions young England is in its glory. Happy July days that allow of pleasant sports like these! Happy July evenings which give quiet chances of love-making, and innocent flirtations! Happy season of youth that makes all seasons beautiful, and transforms our business-ridden, smoke-begrimed London into a city of delight!

The annual drill competition in connection with the London Board Schools took place last Saturday, in the grounds of Lambeth Palace. Twelve schools were represented, and in all five or six hundred boys were mustered, and went through their evolutions very creditably.

Considerable excitement was caused in Oxford-circus, Regent-street, and some of the West-End thoroughfares, last Saturday morning by the appearance of a tall man whose back, from his collar to his waist, was covered with a swarm of bees, whilst hundreds more hovered over his head and around him. Ultimately, with the help of a bystander, he slipped off his coat, when the host of bees rose en masse and the man made off as quickly as possible, and so did the thousands who had followed him. The man was only slightly stung.

THE MAGAZINES

SECOND NOTICE.

The July number of the *Art Journal* is a holiday number which introduces the reader to such widely different places as Eastbourne, Dartmoor, the Isle of Arran, and Hildesheim. The number opens with a well written and well illustrated paper on "Knapsack Photography," which will interest the increasing class of tourists who now make a camera and dry plates part of their personal baggage. The writer is evidently one—to use his own words—"primed with a love of nature and reverence for Art, with zeal for work and philosophical endurance of petty annoyances, with a gay heart and an eye trained to the perception of the beautiful." Possessed of such qualifications, the captivating pursuit of photography brings to the tourist a pleasure and an interest unknown to the ordinary traveller. Instead of recalling the forests, mountains, lakes, and waterfalls of his holiday through the dim and uncertain medium of memory, he brings forth permanent pictures of the beautiful scenery he has visited, which are a never-ending source of delight to himself and his friends. In a pleasant article on Eastbourne, full justice is done to that cheerful watering-place, and well-deserved homage is paid to the glorious health-giving breezes of Beachy Head and the adjoining downs; but the writer undervalues the interest of the neighbouring Pevensey Castle, which is a Norman Castle within a Roman fortress, with considerable remains of both epochs; and if not particularly attractive to the artist, it has undoubted charms for the antiquary. The paper is signed "M. Bourne," which may or may not tempt the reader who is facetiously disposed to supplement Mr. Punch's complimentary joke about Eastbourne being "the bourne to which all travellers return." The next article comprises a description of Dartmoor, but is not illustrated; and it is followed by one devoted to the beautiful Isle of Arran, with illustrative sketches by Mr. F. Noel-Paton. There is no spot in broad Scotland more delightfully varied than Arran, and it is surprising that it is not more visited by the southern tourist. The beauties of Brodick Bay, the grandeur of Goatfell, the weird solemnity of Glen Sannox, form a striking contrast to the somewhat hackneyed beauties of the Trossachs and Loch Lomond district. The paper on Hildesheim has some capital illustrations of domestic architecture, and it is followed by an appreciative notice of the works of Mr. Edwin Douglas, the animal-painter, one of whose pictures forms the etched frontispiece to the number. A subject of unusual interest is treated in a paper entitled "An Old Coach Road," which describes and illustrates the road between London and Dover, and is full of historical associations and picturesque adjuncts. The rest of a very interesting number is taken up with art-notes and some account of Mr. Alfred De Rothschild's art-treasures.

The numerous well-executed engravings and the variety of pleasantly written articles in the July number of the *Magazine of Art* will commend it to its wide and, we trust, ever-increasing circle of readers. The man of antiquarian tastes will be attracted by Mr. W. J. Loftie's account of the older London churches, while he who is planning his annual holiday may be tempted to the River Dart by Mr. Blaikie's graphic descriptions and Mr. A. Barraud's picturesque sketches. Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Randolph Caldecott conjure up the olden glories of Vauxhall in "A New Song of Spring-Gardens," and the art-student will value the effective reproductions of Gabriel Max's "On the Appian Way," A. Hagborg's "A Cry from the Deep," and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "St. Eulalia." Country readers who have not had the opportunity of visiting this year's Grosvenor Gallery exhibition, and who are familiar with the works of Andrew Lang, will be interested in the portrait of that gentleman engraved from Mr. Richmond's picture. We have not space to dwell further on the varied contents of this number, but the whole make up an intellectual banquet at once tempting and healthful.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* there is little to notice, except Mrs. Oliphant's contribution, Mr. Whittier's poem, and the continuation of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains." *Temple Bar*, besides its serials—both very good, especially "Mitre Court"—has a highly interesting notice of the late Dr. Bodichon, apparently the work of a personal friend. There is a good biographical paper on Foote, and a good critical one on Lord Beaconsfield. "The Reputation of Mademoiselle Claude" and "The Halt on the Way" are excellent short stories. Miss Marie Corelli has discovered "one of the world's wonders" in the exceedingly unlikely locality of Margate. It is a subterranean shell grotto, which should rather be called "The Shell Tomb of the Vikings," and, in the explorer's opinion, is "as wonderful in its way as Fingal's Cave or the Blue Grotto at Capri."

Belgravia is, on the whole, rather a poor number; but the instalment of Mr. Russell's "Strange Voyage" is highly exciting. Nearly all the crew and passengers, leaving the ship in boats to visit a wreck, are cut off by a sudden fog; while the few left behind, unable to work the ship, can render them no assistance. The "Great Keinplatz Experiment" is an amusing variation of the theme of Dr. Macnisch's "Metempsychosis." Mr. Julian Hawthorne's tale deals with New York public scandals in a very racy style.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has two good papers treating of pilgrimages—one, the pilgrimage annually imposed upon all Japanese Buddhists who are not rich enough to buy a dispensation; the other, that which exercise-loving Englishmen impose upon themselves in the Tyrol. "Concerning Clover," by Grant Allen, is full of botanical lore; and "Faith-Healing," by Mr. Thistleton-Dyer, is learned and judicious. "Life in Patagonia" is very graphic, and contains a curious and affecting tale of a white captive who lived thirty years among the Indians.

Besides the *Magazine of Art*, noticed above, the principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., are—Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque, Illustrated Book of Pigeons, Picturesque Canada, Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver (containing the second part of an article on the Revised Version of the Old Testament, by the Dean of Canterbury, one of the revisers), Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspeare, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, Christian Treasury, Life and Words of Christ, Little Folks' Magazine, Popular Educator, and Our Own Country.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of *Moniteur de la Mode*, *World of Fashion*, *La Saison*, *Le Pollet*, *Gazette of Fashion*, *The Red Dragon*, *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, *London Society*, *The Argosy*, *The Month*, *Good Words*, *Army and Navy Magazine*, *Household Words*, *Eastward Ho!* *The Antiquarian*, *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, *Merry England*, *Irish Monthly*, *Leisure Hour*, *Book Lore*, *United Service Magazine*, *Fores's Sporting Notes* and *Sketches*, *The Theatre* (containing portraits of Miss Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh," and of Mr. Moy Thomas, dramatic critic), *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, *Illustrated Science Monthly*, *Technical Journal*, *Highland Magazine*, *Baptist Magazine*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, *Christian Treasury*, *Sunday Talk*, and others.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

REIMS.—THE TOWN AND THE CHAMPAGNE CELLARS.

What a delightful sensation it is to escape from the closeness of a great city, to seat yourself commodiously in a railway carriage next the window, and to be carried with reasonable speed through a fertile expanse of hill and dale, dotted here and there with a clustering village and an old grey tower! One is bent upon making a little tour—a very little tour, just a four-hours' ride—to see a Gothic cathedral. As soon as you have passed the barrier of the fortifications, the country begins, and the green Marne river meanders over a broad valley, quitting and returning to the railway every few miles. You see peasants working solitarily in the fields: they rest on their spades and watch the train pass. On either side the track is lined with a brilliant hedge of flowers, poppies, lupins, sorrel, and feathery grass, running for miles and miles, and interrupted only by the railway stations. As you approach Epernay, the country becomes more undulating, and the vineyards begin; and soon you see in all directions nothing but hollows and slopes sweeping away to the horizon all bristling with millions of little stakes, around which the vines are growing. The aspect is not that of luxuriant vegetation, but rather of pale green foliage seen through a veil of lilac grey mist—an effect due to the grey weather-stained stakes, the tops of which rise above the foliage of the vines and catch the light as the helmets of serried regiments drawn up in the sun. Sillery, Ai, Avenay, Rilly, are mere names of boundless vineyards, where vine-dressers, male and female, the latter sheltered by bonnets two feet six inches deep, tend with never-ceasing care the grapes destined to contribute so largely to the gaiety of the world, literally and truly, from China to Peru.

As you approach Reims the vineyards cease, the culture becomes poor, and the town appears with a surrounding girdle of tall chimneys, in the midst of which the cathedral stands proudly out, topping them with its twin towers. At the station I was struck by the stillness of everything and everybody. The only sound was the gentle fizzing of the locomotive, the click of the greaseman's hammer on the wheels as he lounged along the train, and the twittering of the sparrows in the roof. The passengers, mostly business people, disperse calmly; in the station-yard a paternal gendarme converses in mute but expressive pantomime with a recalcitrant poodle, who has been infringing some rule or other; the omnibus-drivers and cabmen sit silent on their boxes, and in no way suggest that their services might be of use to you. It appears that the Mayor of Reims, a great lover of calm, has issued strict orders and decreed terrible penalties against obtrusiveness on the part of the coachmen. Hence this silence.

The town of Reims is clean, grey, and calm. One cart passing along the great Place Drouet d'Erlon re-echoes terribly, and the carter hangs his head dolefully, ashamed at the noise his vehicle makes. This Place, with its irregular houses and pointed gables resting on wooden arcades, is very picturesque, but it is the only part of the town that has that quality in any noticeable degree. The rest of Reims is a conglomeration of grey streets, looking very clean and comfortable; in the cottages in the outskirts you see hand-loom and men and women making merinos; along the Boulevard Ceres are fine houses with bacons, where the rich merchants live, and beautiful public gardens adorned with rare plants and flowers "placed under the safeguard of the public." But on the whole there is little to see at Reims except the Cathedral, the Church of Saint Remy, and the Champagne Cellars.

Thanks to the accidents of provincial hospitality, Champagne was my first care and the Cathedral the second. On the outside of the town, in the midst of gardens, are the champagne manufactories and cellars. The one I visited was a delightfully calm place composed of a garden of ten acres, a villa occupied by offices, and an immense shed. Above ground there was little show; below ground there were some four million bottles of champagne stowed away in catacombs reputed to have been hewn out of the chalk bed by the Romans. In the 139 chambers of these lofty catacombs you see the various operations of the manufacturing of champagne, a natural process directed by the hand of man. The champagne manufacturers do not generally own vineyards; they buy the vintage from the cultivators. On the one hand, the French peasant loves the soil, and refuses to sell his land; on the other hand, private and individual cultivation gives better results than cultivation on a large scale, where the care about details is less minute and less interested. In October the grapes are gathered, pressed gently, so as to obtain only the first and finest juice, and this juice is barrelled, and placed in the catacombs within twenty-four hours after the grapes have left the vine. This juice, like all the champagne wine grown on chalky ground, has two qualities, fineness and bouquet. In December, when this juice has become clear, the *assemblage* is made—that is to say, the juice of several different vineyards is mixed together, for each champagne vineyard has some particular qualities of bouquet, body, acidulation, or what not, by the proper combination of which the fine brands are obtained. This mixing is the most important part of champagne manufacture; on it depends the reputation of a brand; and if it is badly done, it may result in the loss of large sums of money. And so the head-cellarman or *chef-cuviste*, whose duty it is to taste and make the mixture, is a very important personage, although he goes about modestly and subterraneously, wearing an old cap and a long white apron. The *chef-cuviste* is not often a man of literary culture or even a practical chemist; he has simply acquired the art of producing and appreciating delicate distinctions of taste by experience and by the cultivation of a naturally delicate palate. The great champagne manufacturers acknowledge the services rendered by such a head-cellarman by paying him a salary of a thousand a year—25,000*fr.* The *assemblage* having been made, the wine is left in the barrels at least until the following May, and drawn off from time to time as the deposit sinks to the bottom of the cask. In May, we will say, the wine being apparently quite clear, is drawn off into bottles, which are corked, and the cork clasped with an iron band. The newly-bottled wine is left for a month or two above ground, in a moderate temperature, until fermentation begins, when the bottles are taken down into the catacombs and stacked horizontally, in cubic masses of ten, twenty, or forty thousand bottles, as the case may be. These bottles are left in the same position for two years, during which the wine continues clouding, fermenting, and depositing sediment. At the end of two years the process of shaking begins. Each bottle is vibrated every day, and at each vibration it is replaced in the rack more and more inclined with the neck downwards, until, at the end of the operation of shaking, which lasts some two months, the bottles stand upright, with the cork downwards. The object of this vibration is to detach the sediment from the side of the bottle, and cause it finally to be entirely deposited in the neck of the bottle on the cork. During this process of two years' fermentation many bottles are lost by bursting, however carefully the temperature of the cellars may be regulated, but the loss in these vast Roman catacombs is far smaller than in cellars of less extent and less profundity.

The bottles, with their necks downwards, are now taken up stairs and disgorged. In this process a man holds the bottle neck downwards, and cuts the iron clasp. The cork then flies out together with the foul sediment. The skill of the workman is shown in allowing all the sediment to escape, and stopping the hole at the right moment with his thumb. The disgorged bottle is passed on to the doser, who sits in front of an apparatus charged on one side with purified wine, and on the other with sugar-candy dissolved in fine wine. After this dosing the bottles are corked, cleaned, and dressed for the market. Real champagne is therefore pure wine, made of the finest part of the juice of Champagne grapes of different vineyards combined together and allowed to ferment naturally. The champagne *brut* is the pure wine corked directly after the disgorging operation. The dry champagne which the English prefer has about 1 per cent of sugar candy added, and the percentage of sugar is increased to suit different tastes. The French require the addition of as much as 12 per cent of sugar.

Such is a brief outline of the method of making champagne as it is carried on in the obscurity of these catacombs, whose chambers open one into the other through immense portals and passages that remind one of the rock temples of the East. Each workman, carrying his candle, moves noiselessly and works silently; the sound of a clinking bottle seems to sink into the dismal chalk walls without an echo; underground Reims is as calm, silent, and staid as the old town itself, whose Mayor prohibits the cracking of whips, and where recalcitrant poodles are brought up to comprehend the language of signs. It is strange that the generator of so much gaiety should itself be generated so soberly.

T. C.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Lady Margaret Compton opened to the public last week Northampton-square, a space of an acre in extent.

The third annual *matinée* of the Actors' Benevolent Fund will take place at the Lyceum Theatre next Tuesday, the 21st inst., under the immediate patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

A quarterly general court of the governors of the Seamen's Hospital Society was held at 39, Fenchurch-street, yesterday week, when the committee reported that the building works which had been undertaken, and which had necessitated the sale of £7000 worth of reserved funds, were nearly completed.

Mr. Alderman Colton, M.P., presided yesterday week over the first annual meeting of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which was held at the Mansion House. The adoption of the report was moved by the Earl of Shaftesbury and agreed to. A resolution sympathising with the objects of the society was passed.

The Hon. A. H. Kinnaird presided on Monday evening, at the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, at a thanksgiving fête for the past twenty years' work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and a "farewell" to 123 boys who are leaving this week for Canada. There was a large attendance. Dr. Barnardo said the institution now maintains 1400 boys and girls, and they had been admitting children at the rate of one hundred a month during the last four months.

The Manchester and Salford Humane Society has decided to have six gold medals struck, and to present them to members of the rescuing party who descended the Clifton Hall Colliery after the disastrous explosion on June 18. The selection of the six recipients of the medals is to be left to Mr. Pickard, secretary of the Miners' National Association. The subscriptions in aid of the widows and children of the victims of the explosion amounted on the 10th to £18,000, and money is still coming in.

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. S. Morley, the annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee-Tavern was held, yesterday week, at 34, Grosvenor-street. Mr. Morley, M.P., presided, and moved the adoption of the report, which gave an account of the past year's work, including a list of popular lectures. This was carried. Amongst the speakers were the Rev. Canon Fleming, Mr. W. L. Carpenter, and Sir Baldwin Leighton, M.P.

A performance has been announced for Friday afternoon, the 17th inst., at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; the programme comprising a grand concert and the performance of an allegory in costume, written in verse by Mrs. Henry Wyld, on the "Signs of the Zodiac and the Seasons of the Year," the new music for which has been composed by Signori Tito Mattei, Denza, Caracciolo, Mario Costa, and Beviniani, Madame Louise Morrison, and Mr. Stephen Adams.

The new vice-president of the Committee of Council on Education, the Right Hon. E. Stanhope, M.P., has joined the central council for promoting self-supporting penny dinners. Through the kindness of Sir Henry W. Peck, Bart., the Council are offering prizes of £40, £30, and £20, respectively, for the best three essays on the means of dealing, in connection with penny dinners, with children who are ill-fed and who do not pay the penny. Particulars of the competition may be obtained of the hon. sec., Mr. H. Forbes Clarke, Camden House, Hungerford-road, N.

At the sixty-first annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held at St. James's Hall on the 9th inst.—Lord Aberdare presiding—Princess Frederica of Hanover, who was accompanied by the Baron von Pawel Rammingen, distributed the prizes and certificates to some 700 children who had gained these distinctions by essays on kindness to animals. During the past year 4459 offences of cruelty to animals were proved in courts of summary jurisdiction by the Society's officers, and there were 4233 pecuniary penalties imposed, and 220 committals to various terms of imprisonment. The chairman reminded the meeting that this is the parent society of such institutions throughout the world, and observed that in the last year 1400 more children wrote essays than in the previous year, thus proving increasing interest among the young in the society's work.

Before his retirement from office Lord Hartington addressed a communication to the War Office, thanking the Duke of Cambridge and the responsible officials for their valuable assistance during a period when the resources of the War Department were severely taxed. Never at any period of our history, he says, had efforts of equal magnitude been made with so much regularity and efficiency of administration.

Lord Arthur Hill (C) has been re-elected M.P. for the county of Down by a majority of 401 over Mr. Shaw Brown (L); the numbers being—Hill 5097, Brown 4696.—Mr. Gorst and Mr. Marriott have been re-elected without opposition for Chatham and Brighton, on their appointment respectively as Solicitor-General and Judge-Advocate-General.—The polling for the vacancy in the representation of North Lincolnshire, caused by the elevation to the Peerage of Mr. Rowland Winn, under the style of Lord St. Oswald of Nostell, took place on the 10th inst., the candidates being Mr. H. J. Atkinson (C) and Sir H. Meysey-Thompson (L). The result was made known on Saturday as follows:—Alderman Atkinson, 4028; Sir H. Meysey-Thompson, 2872: majority, 1156.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Our Paris Correspondent, who is taking his annual holiday, writes from Reims describing its champagne cellars. His letter, headed "Holiday Rambles," is given in another column.—The French Budget of Expenditure was voted in the Chamber of Deputies last week. At the opening of Monday's Chamber of Deputies, General Campenon read three despatches from General De Courcy concerning the Annamite attack at Hué, which had been sudden, but had been well met and overcome by the French, who had taken the citadel, with 1000 cannon. The Chamber ratified the treaty with China.—Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, the owner of Paradox, who won the Grand Prix de Paris this year, has given £200 to the Paris poor.—The National Fête, which took place on Tuesday, was celebrated with the usual manifestations of rejoicing. At Paris the chief event of the day was the unveiling of Voltaire's statue on the Quai Malaquais. It is in bronze, and is the work of Caillé.

The resignations of the Spanish Home Secretary and of the Minister of Marine have been accepted, and, subject to the approval of the King, Señor Lassala will undertake the former office.—A serious riot occurred on the 10th inst. at Lerida, necessitating the interference of the military. Several persons were killed, amongst them one officer and four soldiers.—The number of cholera cases recorded in Spain for Sunday was 1197 and of deaths 588, being less than the numbers of the preceding day by 336 cases and sixty deaths; the number of cases and deaths on Monday being still less.

The Belgian Chamber has rejected by a large majority the proposals made for an inquiry into the condition of industry, and for the establishment of import duties on cereals and cattle.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria left Brussels on Sunday night for Vienna.—On Monday a statue of Lévin Bauwens was unveiled at Ghent. He introduced towards the end of the last century improvements, suggested to him during a sojourn in England, into the Ghent tanneries.

A new picture gallery and museum at Amsterdam, to which the paintings of Rembrandt and the other old masters of the Flemish school formerly in the old gallery have been transferred, was formally opened on Monday, the King being represented by the Prince and Princess Wied.

The Emperor of Germany has come to the end of his prescribed "cure" of twenty-one days at Ems. He left on Tuesday afternoon for a two-days' visit to the Empress at Coblenz, whence he goes to visit his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden.—A prize of £200 has been offered by the Empress Augusta of Germany for the best portable hospital or sick-room tent for use in war and during epidemics, and will be awarded in connection with the Antwerp Exhibition.—The bricklayers' strike in Berlin continues. There are 8000 men idle, and as many as 5500 have left the city.

There have been terrible storms in Austria. Thunderstorms, hailstorms, and water-spouts, or deluges of rain continue, says a Vienna correspondent, to form the burden of the reports from most parts of the country. In hundreds of parishes the crops are destroyed, and the prospects are of the gloomiest. In some cases the inundations have swept houses and live stock entirely away.—Baron Wodianer has bequeathed 25,000*fl.* to the poor of Vienna, and has left directions in his will that his banking firm shall be dissolved, his only son having never taken any interest in commercial matters.

In the Greek Chamber, on the 9th inst., M. Deliyannis introduced the Budget. The revenue is estimated at 74,006,860 drachmas and the expenditure at 85,350,770 drachmas. The Minister announced that the Government had effected economies in various departments.

General Brackenbury has received a letter from a merchant at Handak announcing the death of the Mahdi, and stating that his followers are fighting among themselves.—According to a telegram from Father Bonomi, a Catholic Missionary, who escaped from the Mahdi at El Obeid, Olivier Pain died at Omdurman, after a severe illness.

The Canadian Government have passed an Order in Council granting gratuities and pensions to the officers and men wounded in the North-West Expedition, and also to the families of those who were killed. Each man who took up arms to suppress the recent rebellion is to have 320 acres of land in the North-West. Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Williams died of brain fever while on the homeward march between Fort Pitt and Battleford. He was a member of the Dominion House of Commons, and, before the outbreak of the rebellion, held the office of Conservative whip.—Count Esterhazy, the Hungarian exile, has had an interview with the Ottawa Government, with satisfactory results, relative to the settlement of 20,000 Hungarians along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on a tract of land 200,000 acres in extent, in the Qu'Appelle district. These Hungarians are now chiefly in the Pennsylvania mining regions, some of them in a destitute condition or lacking work, and it is desired to better their condition by removal to an agricultural region.

The United States Secretary for War has ordered 3000 troops, under General Sheridan's command, to Fort Reno in the Indian territory. In New Mexico a battle has been fought between the Cowboys and Indians, sixteen of the former and sixty of the latter having been killed.

A shock of earthquake, lasting some minutes, was felt at Calcutta on Tuesday morning.

At a banquet given at Sydney under the presidency of the American Consul, in celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, the Hon. W. E. Dalley, Acting Colonial Secretary, advocated a universal federation of the English-speaking people of the world as a basis and guarantee of the world's peace, and for the preservation of the freedom of mankind. The Hon. G. R. Dibbs, Colonial Treasurer, declared that if Queen Victoria were now to visit the United States, and President Cleveland were to return the visit, the first step towards such a consummation would be taken. These suggestions were received with great enthusiasm by the Americans present.

The town of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, affords an illustration of what may be accomplished in the use of natural gas. This gas is now conveyed to the town through four lines of 5½-in. pipe and one line of 8-in. pipe. A line of 10-in. pipe is also being laid. The pressure of the gas at the wells is from 150 lb. to 230 lb. to the square inch. As the wells are eighteen miles distant on the one side and about twenty-five miles on the other, and as the consumption is variable, the pressure at the city cannot be given. The amount of natural gas now furnished for use in Pittsburg is supposed to be something like 25,000,000 cubic feet per day; the 10-in. pipe now being laid will, it is estimated, increase the supply to 40,000,000 feet. The amount of manufactured gas used for lighting the same city probably falls below 3,000,000 feet. About fifty mills and factories of various kinds in Pittsburg now use natural gas, and it is used for domestic purposes in 200 houses.

An injunction, with costs, has been granted by the Irish Vice-Chancellor restraining the Corporation of Dublin from changing the name of Sackville-street to O'Connell-street.

EXCAVATION OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR, UPPER EGYPT.

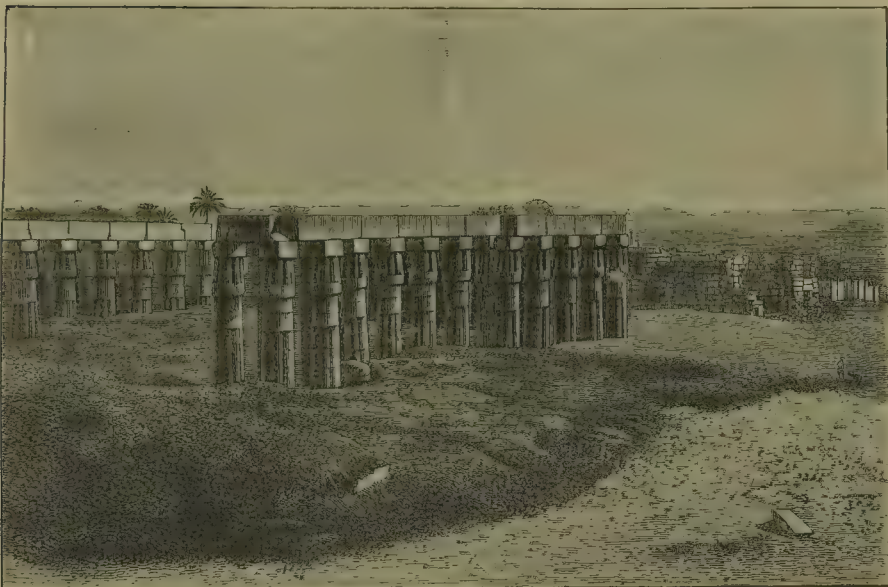
SEE PAGE 67.



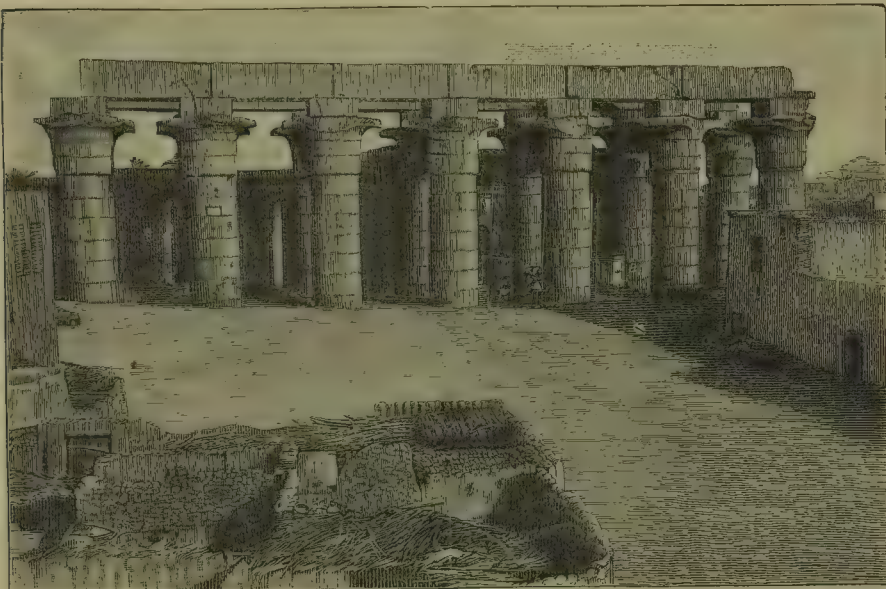
PROFESSOR MASPERO,
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE MUSEUM, EGYPT.



EXCAVATIONS GOING ON IN THE COURT-YARD OF AMENHOTEP III.



GREAT COURT-YARD OF AMENHOTEP III.



COLONNADE OF HOREMHEBI.



COLUMNS OF AMENHOTEP III.

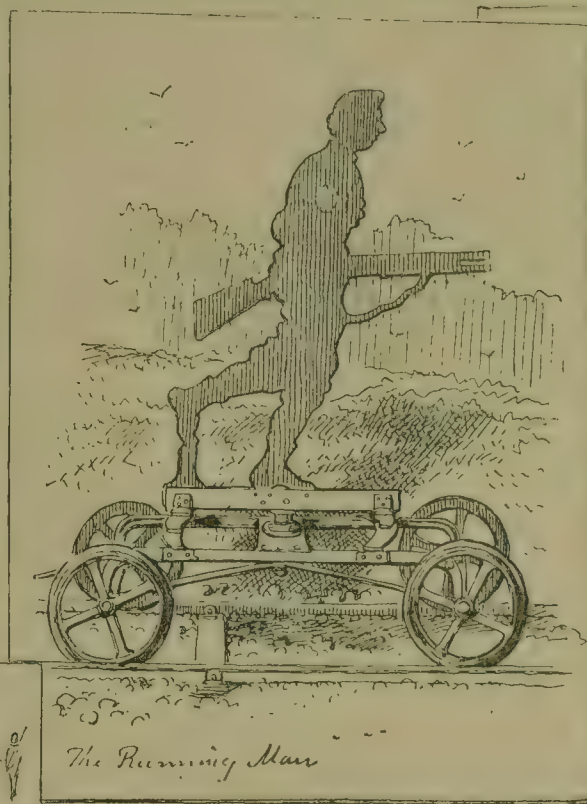


GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR (SOUTHERN END) BEFORE THE EXCAVATIONS: WITH LADY DUFF GORDON'S HOUSE.

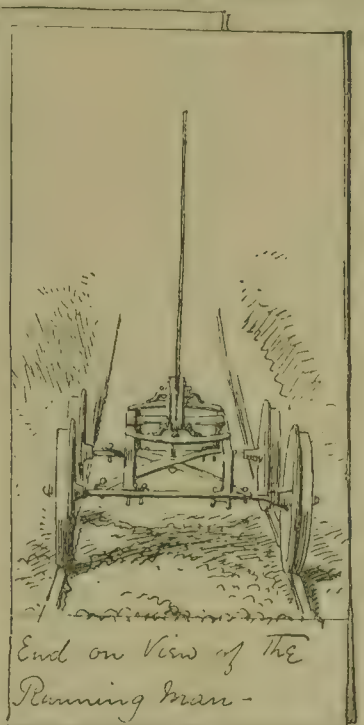
SKETCHES AT THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.



En route to The trenches



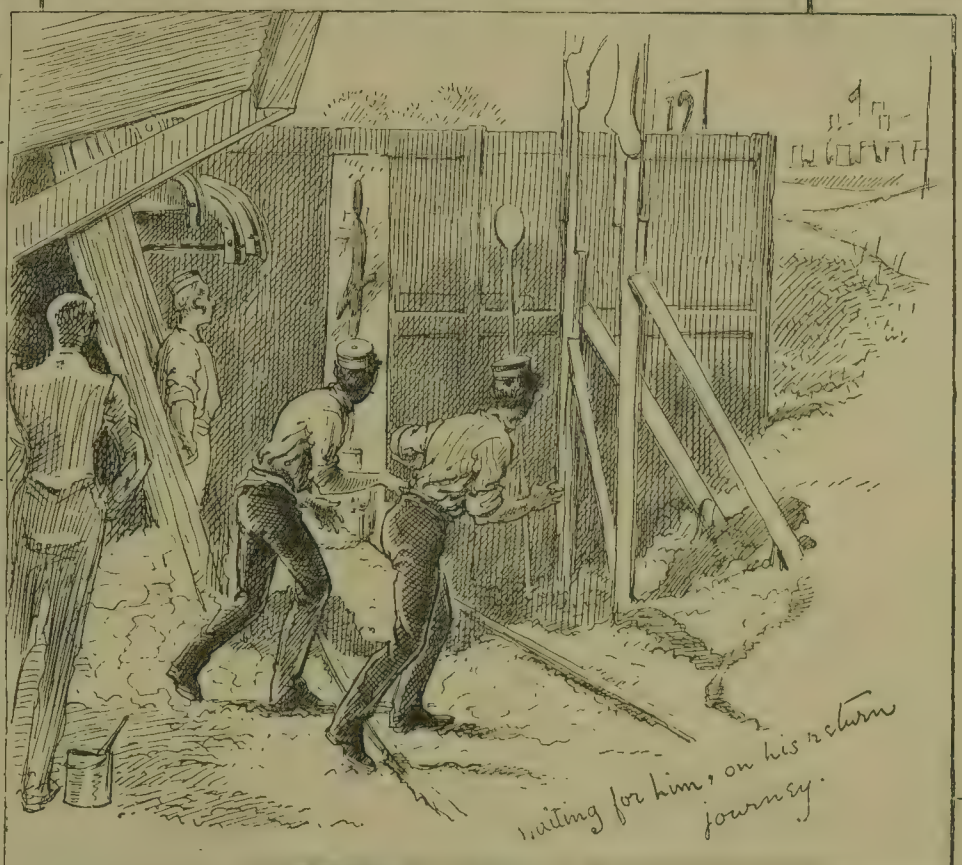
The Running Man



End on View of The Running Man



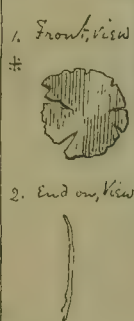
Giving him a start



Waiting for him, on his return journey



Capt. Irving (Scots Fus) Telegraphs a hit on the Running



A bullet picked up in the Running man's track



The Deer - Close time



After the "Cease firing" picking up the survivors shown above.



"SANTA LUCIA."

DRAWN BY G. F. STAMOUR.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty on Thursday, the 9th inst., conferred the order of the Garter on the Earl of Kimberley, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Earl of Sefton. Sir Richard E. Webster, the Attorney-General, received the honour of knighthood. Sir A. Otway, M.P., Sir H. Verney, M.P., Mr. Marriott, Q.C., Sir Massey Lopes, M.P., and Sir Francis Sandford, were sworn as members of the Privy Council. Deputations from the Corporation and inhabitants of Windsor, who were yesterday week received by her Majesty the Queen and Princess Beatrice, presented to her Royal Highness two valuable gifts on her approaching marriage. The Princess returned her thanks in a few words, and her Majesty also expressed her gratification. In the afternoon, the Queen and Princess Beatrice honoured Captain and the Hon. Mrs. N. and Mrs. Dalrymple with a visit at the Hermitage. On Saturday morning, the Queen and Princess Beatrice left Windsor Castle for Osborne, where the Court will remain until after the Royal wedding. The daughters of the Mayor of Windsor presented a bouquet to her Highness Princess Beatrice. On Sunday morning, the Queen and the Princess and the members of the household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. The young Princesses of Edinburgh, who are staying at Osborne Cottage, visited her Majesty in the afternoon, and on Monday morning. The Queen went out on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The transport Australia arrived off Cowes on Tuesday evening, with the Camel Corps on board. The transport came to an anchorage, and on Wednesday the officers and men were landed at Osborne by means of the gun-vessels Ant, Speedy, and Kite, in order that they might be inspected by her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at Viscountess Folkestone's amateur concert at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday week, in aid of the funds of the People's Entertainment Society. The Prince visited the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Buckingham Palace yesterday week. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George, dined in the evening with Earl and Countess Sydney at their residence in Cleveland-square, St. James's. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Prince George and Princess Louise, afterwards went to a ball given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury at their residence in Arlington-street. Messrs. H. M. Emanuel and Son, of Portsea, had the honour of submitting to the Prince of Wales the Goodwood Cup for 1885. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited the Prince and Princess last Saturday, and remained to luncheon. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. At a Levée held at St. James's Palace on Monday by the Prince of Wales there were presented several new Peers and junior members of the Government, and a number of officers who have returned from the Sudan. On Monday morning the Prince was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Dwelling-Places of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace. Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by their daughters, opened the Kettlewell Convalescent Home at Swanley. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, were present at a ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Grosvenor House. The Prince and Princess left Marlborough House last Tuesday morning on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon at Studley Royal, Ripon, for the purpose of opening the Yorkshire College at Leeds, on Wednesday. The cathedral city was gaily decorated for the occasion. At the Townhall the Prince and Princess, who met with a very enthusiastic reception, were presented with an address of welcome. The Royal Agricultural Society of England opened its annual show at Preston on Tuesday. The Prince visited the exhibition on Wednesday and Friday, when he was presented with specimens of local manufacture, and laid the foundation-stone of a new dock.

Princess Christian distributed the prizes on Tuesday at a meeting of the Prince Consort's Windsor Association, held in the Home Park. There was an exhibition of cottage handicraft, needlework, vegetables, fruit and flowers, and honey, and also an exhibition of bees by the the Berkshire Beekeepers' Association.

The marriage of Lord Vernon with Frances Margaret, daughter of Mr. Francis C. Lawrence, of New York, took place on Tuesday afternoon at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by special license. The bridegroom was attended by the Hon. Guy Darnley, M.P., as best man; and the four bridesmaids were the Hon. Margaret and Hon. Alice Vernon, sisters of the bridegroom, and the Misses Garner. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father, who gave her away.

On Monday afternoon the Benchers of the Inner and Middle Temples entertained a large company of friends at a garden party in the Inner Temple Gardens.

Professor Warr, of King's College, has been elected to the Professorship of Latin in Queen's College, London, in the room of Dr. Browne, resigned; and Mr. Henry Gadsby has been appointed Professor of Vocal Music.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE-MEETING.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting and shooting-matches of the National Rifle Association commenced last Monday on Wimbledon-common, under the presidency of Colonel Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., V.C. In the arrangements for this year, there are several novel features, the most important of which is the new condition under which the Queen's Prize is contended for, and which is understood to be the effect of the complete introduction of the Martini-Henry rifle in place of the Snider. For this year's Queen's Prize there were 2430 entries against 2159 last year, and the conditions of the shooting by which the Gold Medal and the £250 prize is to be finally won are completely altered. Hitherto it has been the custom of the highest sixty out of the 2000 odd competitors who have entered to contest for the Grand Prize at the long ranges only, the Silver Medal and the other prizes being awarded for the short-range shooting exclusively. Now, under the new regulations, the Queen's Prize of £250, the Gold Medal, and Badge, will be decided by the aggregate shooting over the entire of the three so-called stages; and the incentive will be that in place of the Queen's sixty, except the Gold Medalist, taking only one prize of £12, one prize of £60 will be given, one of £40, one of £30, one of £20, ten of £15, thirty of £12, and fifteen of £10. In doing this, each man of the sixty will have to fire seven shots at 200 yards, seventeen at 500, twenty-two at 600, fifteen at 800, and fifteen at 900 yards—in all seventy-six shots, which, it must be admitted, is no slight test of steady shooting and endurance. Thus the man who makes the greatest aggregate over the short and long ranges becomes the winner of the Queen's Prize. As it was considered that many of the competitors in the sixty would have no chance at the long ranges, it has been decided that the Silver Medal shall remain, as at present, for the man who makes the highest aggregate at the first two stages—viz., seven shots at 200 yards, seventeen at 500, and twenty-two at 600 yards. Among other alterations in the regulations, greater facilities are afforded for officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates detached for duty to compete for prizes, they being now permitted to do so during the intervals of duty. Bull's-eyes at the 500 yards pool range are increased from 18 in. to 42 in., and for military breech-loaders the pull of trigger is reduced from 6 lb. to 5 lb., whilst in the any-rifle competition the pull has been raised from 3 lb. to 5 lb. The Ashburton Shield and the accompanying Spencer and other cups will be shot for this year by the public school competitors with the Martini and the Martini carbine ammunition. There is an augmentation of valuable prizes, rendering the aggregate amount a vast increase upon those of last year.

The encampment, in which about two thousand persons were accommodated with shelter on Saturday and Sunday nights, is arranged in the usual manner, including, besides the pavilions and marquees for the official staff, the camps of the London Rifle Brigade, the Victorias, the Hon. Artillery Company, the London Scottish, the Queen's (Westminster), the 1st Surrey, the South Middlesex, the Civil Service, and the Canadian team. On Sunday, Divine worship was performed by the Rev. Kerr Grey, Chaplain to the South Middlesex Regiment. Our account of the results of the shooting for the principal prizes must be reserved till next week. The sketches we now present are those of an amusing minor feature of the Wimbledon Meeting, the moving target, in the shape of a "running man," which has superseded the "running deer," and which affords most useful practice for the military marksman.

W. Renshaw and H. F. Lawford competed at Wimbledon, on Monday, for the Lawn-Tennis Championship, and the former was again successful by three sets to one.

Mr. John George Gibson, Q.C., of the Irish Bar, brother of the Irish Lord Chancellor, has been appointed Serjeant-at-Law, in the place of the late Serjeant Robinson. Mr. Gibson was presented to the Lord Chancellor on Monday.

Letters patent have been passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, granting the dignities of an Earl and Marquis of the United Kingdom to Gavin, Earl of Breadalbane, by the name, style, and title of Earl of Ormelie and Marquis of Breadalbane.

The Queen has conferred the dignity of a peerage on Sir Robert Lloyd-Lindsay, K.C.B., V.C., M.P.; also on the Right Hon. Sir William Balfour Brett, Master of the Rolls. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Mr. T. Thornhill, M.P. for West Suffolk, have been created Barons.

The Earl of Iddesleigh was entertained at a private banquet by the committee of the Conservative Club, on the 10th inst. It has been resolved, at a preliminary meeting held at Exeter, to subscribe a testimonial for presentation to Lord Iddesleigh on his elevation to the Peerage.

Sir James Picton opened a drinking-fountain erected by public subscription in Liverpool to the memory of the late Mr. William Simpson in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The fountain, which is a handsome structure of carved stone, is placed at the corner of Chapel-street, facing the approach to the landing-stages. For many years before his death Mr. Simpson was a prominent politician and philanthropist in the city, and was actively associated with the Temperance movement.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Bangor preached on Monday at a special service held at St. Saviour's Church, Penmaenmawr, to mark the presentation of a bell by Mr. Gladstone.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry John Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart., has been appointed Second Church Estates Commissioner, in the room of the Hon. Anthony Evelyn Melbourne Ashley.

The Right Rev. Dr. Poole, Church of England Bishop in Japan, has, on account of serious illness, been compelled to resign his see, and is on the point of returning to England.

The Archbishop of York preached on Sunday morning for the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, at St. Michael's, Chester-square. Among the congregation were Princess Victoria and Prince Adolphus Charles of Teck.

The Bishop of Lichfield held a special service in his cathedral last Saturday afternoon, on the seventh anniversary of his enthronisation. There was a large attendance of clergy.

The Bishop of London on Saturday laid the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Clement, Fulham Palace-road. The church was designed by Mr. A. Blomfield, in the Gothic style, to accommodate 800 persons.

The Rev. Arthur Robins and some of his friends have placed a beautiful and massive mural cross of white marble, surmounted with a wreath, in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, to the memory of the late Colonel Bannaby.

The Rev. F. W. A. Wilkinson, Vicar of Fairfield, near Buxton, Derby, has been appointed to the post of Association Secretary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society for the metropolitan district, in the room of the Rev. T. J. Madden, preferred to a living at Barrow-in-Furness.

On Tuesday the Duchess of Albany opened a bazaar at Claremont House on behalf of the enlargement of the organ of the parish church of Esher. The arrangements, made by the Rev. S. Warren, the Rector, Lady Collins, Mrs. Monty Wigram, and other ladies, left nothing to be desired. The stall-holders, besides the ladies above-mentioned, were Lady Emma Talbot, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. J. P. Currie, Mrs. Peachey, and the Misses Richardson; Lady Brett, Lady Romilly, Mrs. Dudley Ward, and the Misses Prescott presided at the refreshment-stall.

The Bishop of Rochester presided on the 10th inst. at the annual meeting of his diocesan society. The report for the past year was received and adopted; and while it was shown that further funds are urgently needed for supplying the various agencies necessary to meet the rapidly increasing population of the diocese, much satisfaction was expressed at the establishment of missions in some of the poorest parishes in South London by four Cambridge Colleges—namely, St. John's, Clare, Pembroke, and Trinity; and also by two public schools—viz., Charterhouse and Wellington College. It is hoped that before long other colleges and public schools will recognise the wide field for mission work open to them south of the Thames.

The Bishop of Ripon writes in support of the effort now being made to provide a Bishopric for Southern Yorkshire. Although five new Sees had been founded of late years, he says, none of them could plead greater urgency than that of Wakefield. There were two difficulties which a Bishop might meet in his work—an overwhelming population, as in London, Manchester, and Rochester; or a thinly peopled but widely extended diocese, as in Truro and Lincoln. But it did not often happen that he had to encounter the double difficulty of a large population and a vast area; yet this was the case in the present diocese of Ripon. The population of the diocese was a little more than a million and a half, the exact number being 1,578,582, or about equal to that of Lichfield before its division, 100,000 in excess of Chester before Liverpool was formed, 300,000 greater than Durham before Newcastle, and 600,000 greater than Exeter before Truro. Dense and increasing population meant the need of vigorous Church extension work; sparse population meant difficulty of locomotion and loss of time. Both of these conditions existed in the diocese of Ripon: in the south there were towns which had doubled and trebled within a generation, and villages which had grown into towns; in the north there were widely scattered hamlets and villages separated from one another by steep and sometimes impassable hills, and but poorly provided with railway communication. The division of such a diocese was the only way in which its proper management could be secured. About one half of the sum required has been found, and the Bishop now makes an appeal for the remaining £45,000 or £50,000. In aid of the movement, a meeting was held, by the permission of the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Tuesday. Earl Fitzwilliam presided; and amongst the speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of London, Lord Brabazon, and Mr. Beresford-Hope.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle will, it is stated, be reopened to the public on Monday next.

The Princess of Wales has given her patronage to an exhibition of Irish lace and cottage-made articles which has been held at the Rooms of the Royal School of Art Needlework, in the Exhibition-road, this week. The exhibition will remain open till the 24th inst.



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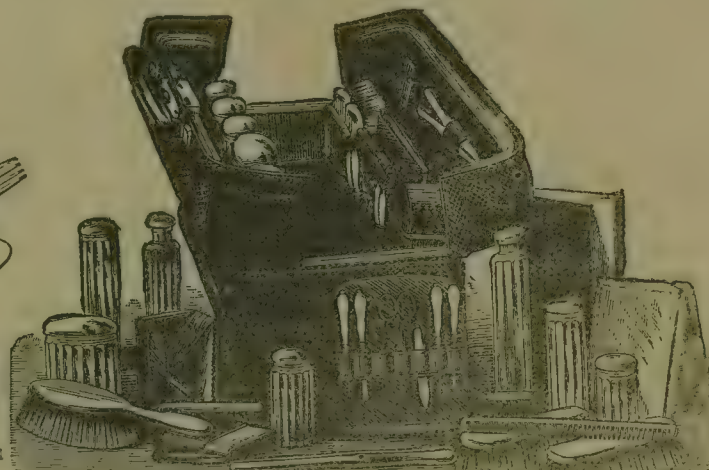
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From Major J. M. Browne, Master of South Staffordshire Hounds.

"Sirs,—I find Elliman's Embrocation exceedingly good for sprains and cuts in horses, and also for cuts in hounds' feet. I shall strongly recommend it to all my friends.—Yours faithfully, J. M. Browne."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.
"Castle Weir, Kingston, Herefordshire, December, 1878."

"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in the stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.
"R. H. Paine, Lieut.-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."

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"S. G. Butson, J.P.,
"Master of the Kilkenny Foxhounds."

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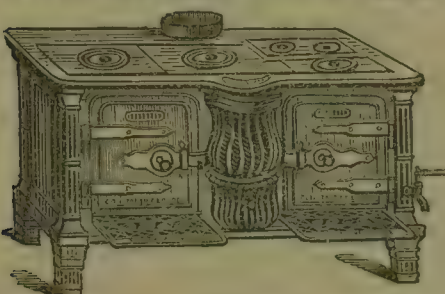
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DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

Annie took off her gloves, and trailed her fingers in the water.

THE MASTER OF THE MINE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &C.

The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
He saw the giant Sea above his head.—*Keats' Endymion.*

CHAPTER V.

ANNIE.

I was awakened next morning by the sound of voices in the chamber, and, looking forth from my sleeping-place, I saw my uncle, seated in his stained flannel clothes, devouring a substantial breakfast of tea and home-baked cakes of my aunt's making, waited on by little Annie, who, seen in the bright morning light, looked even cleaner and neater than she had looked the night before.

"Lawd love 'ee, little woman," my uncle was saying, "who put that sart o' nawsense into your head! I warrant Tawn Penraddock, or some other gomeril, ha' been up here clacking to mother. Dawn't go dawn the mine naw more? Why, the mine's bread and butter, vittles and drink, to you and me!"

"Tom Penraddock says 'taint safe, father," returned Annie; "and Tom ought to know, for he's worked there ever since he was born."

"He knows no more than this chunk o' bread, little woman. He's the idlest chap o' the gang, Tawn is. There, dawn't you worrit. The Lawd's under the earth as well as above it, and 'll take care of father, never fear!"

Unseen in my corner, I slept on my clothes; but, by the time I had done so, my uncle had left the cottage. Annie was still there, and she took me to a little bed-room up stairs, where I washed, and brushed my hair. Descending again to the quaint old kitchen, I found my aunt, just come in from feeding the poultry. She gave me a kindly nod; then, sitting down at the table, drew me gently to her, and, pushing the hair off my forehead, looked thoughtfully into my face.

"Let me look at 'ee by daylight, lad! Ay, I was right—you be as like your poor father as one pea is like another. Lawd forbid you should o'er be half as clever!"

"Why not, mother?" asked Annie, who was looking on with a smile.

"Because he were too clever to saddle down. He rambled up and dawn like a moor pony, till the Lawd took 'un, and ne'er made himself a home; and when he died, there was none of his kith and kin near him to close his eyes. Thar, lad, sit dawn and take your brakfast. We'll try to mak a man of 'ee, for my poor sister's sake."

This sudden allusion to my dead parents, coupled with the strangeness of my surroundings, brought before me more forcibly than ever the utter forlornness of my position; and sent the tears starting to my eyes. I fancy Annie noticed this, for she quickly changed the subject, asked her mother for some more hot scones, and put a chair for me at the table.

This diversion gave me ample time to recover myself. Feeling heartily ashamed of my exhibition of weakness, I swallowed the lump in my throat, dashed the back of my hand across my eyes, and determined from that hour forth to remember that tears did not become "a man."

The breakfast was appetizing—perhaps from the very

strangeness of it. Never before in my life had I had placed before me, at eight o'clock in the morning, a meal of hot scones, boiled potatoes, and milk; yet I mightily pleased my aunt by disposing of enough to keep me going for the rest of the day.

"Ah! lad," she exclaimed, as her bright eye kindled with pleasure, "you's gawt some Cornish blood in 'ee, after all, and can eat your vittles with a relish. You'm got no proud stomach, my lad, and will be a man like your uncle before lawng."

The breakfast being over, my aunt and Annie busied themselves with "setting things to rights"; and, feeling somewhat in the way, I took my cap and strolled out, to find out if I could what sort of a country I had been landed in.

The kitchen door opened directly into the "back yard," as they called it, and here I found the poultry leisurely picking up the grain which my aunt had given them before breakfast. Here I found, too, a mongrel puppy, a sort of cross between a collie and a greyhound, it seemed to me, which, the moment I made my appearance, came wriggling, serpent fashion, about my feet.

I passed through the yard, round to the front of the house, the puppy following close at my heels. The front of the cottage was very trim and neat; and there was a very small garden here, which was tolerably well cultivated: I afterwards learned it belonged to Annie, and owed its pretty appearance entirely to her hands. It was a curious illustration of the mingling in her of the useful and ornamental. She was passionately fond of flowers, and two thirds of her little garden was devoted to them, while in the other third were beds of mustard and cress, radishes, and celery, with which she regularly supplied "relishes" for the table.

Having made a rapid survey of the little garden, I turned my eyes on the prospect before and beside me. The cottage, which stood alone on a slight eminence, was faced immediately by the high road which swept past and curved on to the village, which lay some quarter of a mile to the left. Immediately before me was what seemed to me a dark expanse of morass, bleak and barren enough, and dotted here and there with clumps of stunted trees. Beyond was the sea, calm, cold, and glimmering like steel.

I strolled carelessly along the road, amusing myself from time to time by throwing a stick and trying to teach the puppy to retrieve. A couple of hundred yards from the cottage I came to an iron gate, surrounded by a plantation of fir-trees, and with a long avenue leading I knew not whither. Here I paused, and, without thinking, threw the stick as far as I could up the avenue. But the puppy crouched at my feet, and declined to stir. So I opened the gate and went in.

I had not gone many yards when a sharp voice arrested me. "Here, I say, you!" it cried. "What are you doing here?"

I looked up, and saw a boy of about my own age, dressed like a young gentleman. He had black hair, black eyebrows

that came close together, and a hanging lip. I saw at once, by his dress and manner, that he was no miner's son.

"Look here, you're trespassing, you know," he continued; then suddenly, "Why, you don't belong to St. Gurlott's. What's your name?"

I told my name, and added that I was stranger, having come to the village only last night to live with my Uncle and Aunt Pendragon. In a moment his face changed; a contemptuous sneer curled his lip as he said,

"Old Pendragon's boy, eh?" then, "What do you mean by wearing those clothes? I thought you were a gentleman!"

His tone, more than his words, roused all the latent pride of my nature. Flushing to the temples, I turned on him.

"I am as much a gentleman as you," I said.

"What!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you! Do you know what they'd do with you where I come from? They'd thrash you, and send you to bed, to learn better manners."

He clenched his fist, and advanced threateningly towards me. Then, looking at me from head to foot, and finding that at all events I was his superior in point of physical strength, he changed his mind. I whistled up the puppy, and walked away.

When I reached the cottage again, I came face to face with Annie.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

I told her I had been rambling idly about. She nodded brightly.

"I've got no work to do to-day," she said; "leastways not much. If you like, I'll ask mother to let me come out and go for a walk."

"Do," I said; and off she flew.

She was a long time gone—so long that I began to fear the permission had been denied. She came at length, however, when I saw the cause of her delay. Her print frock had been exchanged for a stout gown. She wore a pair of silk gloves, and a hat which was evidently intended for Sundays only. As my eye wandered over these things, she blushed and tried to appear unconscious.

"Which way shall we go?" she said.

I was so perfectly unacquainted with the district that the question seemed to me absurd. I left the choice to her.

"Which way do you like best?" I said.

She pointed with her hand.

"I like to go *there*," she said, "to walk on the shore."

"On the shore?"

"Yes; don't you see that glittering over there? That's the sea, though it looks like a bit of the common now it's so still. I like to go there and walk on the shore, and see the ships pass along, and listen to the washing of the waves on the stones."

We accordingly started off across the moorland towards the sea, and after a mile's walk reached the cliffs.

Wild and desolate, they overhung the ocean, which was at high tide. A narrow path through the rocks led down to

the water's edge. Descending it, with the sea-gulls hovering over us, we reached the shore, and found there a sandy creek and a solitary wooden house. We looked up; the crags rose above our heads right up into the blue heaven. Then we turned our faces towards the sea.

"It isn't like the sea, is it?" I asked, as we stood side by side; "it looks like a big broad river."

"Now" she assented; "but it isn't always like this. The waves are sometimes as high as houses, and they roar like wild beasts. Then there's been ships, big ships that go to India, broken up here on the rocks, and drowned men and women have been cast ashore."

"Have you seen them?"

"No; I've only heard tell of them. When the winds are blowing like that, and the wrecks come, mother and me stop in the house to pray for father!"

"My uncle? Why, he's a miner."

"Yes; but he's one o' the life-boat men, too, 'cause he's so strong. Look at that wooden house; that's where they keep the life-boat."

In following the direction indicated by her pointing finger, my eye fell upon something else besides the house which contained the life-boat: a rude coble lay floating in the water a few yards from where we stood. It was attached to an iron ring driven into the rocks.

"Whose boat is that?" I asked.

"Oh, that belongs to John Rudd, the carrier; him that brought you to our house."

"Why, what does he do with a boat?"

"Nothing; only he found it drifting in from the sea. Then the master took it away from him, saying it was his, and offered it for sale; as nobody wanted it, he got it back again by paying a little to the master."

"And what does he do with it now?"

"He goes out fishing sometimes, when he's got the time. Sometimes he gives us a treat. He took me out in it once."

"Did you like it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Would you like to go again?"

"What—now?"

"Yes, now. Suppose we take the boat and pull out for a bit; it would be good fun—better than staying here."

She hesitated. There was evidently such a difference in the size of John Rudd and me.

"Do come," I urged; "the oars are here ready, and I can pull as well as John Rudd."

Still she hesitated, but yielded finally. We pushed out the boat together, and I pulled away out on to the dead calm sea. How pleasant it was there, with the sun pouring its golden beams upon us, and the water smiling around and gently lapping the boat's side! Annie took off her gloves, and trailed her fingers in the water; then she leaned over and looked down into the emerald depths below, while my eyes again swept the prospect inland.

Everything was distinguishable from the sea, the low-lying flats stretching black and desolate beneath the warm summer sky—the village, which, from my present point of vantage, seemed but a handful of houses thrown in a hollow, just beyond the cottage where destiny had placed me. I also perceived now that there were numerous other cottages scattered about the morass, and finally, that there was one large turretted mansion rising up from a belt of greenwood.

"What house is that?" I asked.

"That? Oh, that is the master's house."

"The master?"

"Yes; Mr. Redruth, the master of the mine. Besides that," she added, "he's the master o' the whole place."

"Does he live there?"

"Yes; a good part of the year."

"Anybody else?"

"The mistress."

"That's all?"

"Yes; except at holiday times, when the young master comes home from school. He's home now."

Having a suspicion in my mind, I asked her what the young master was like, and she gave me an accurate description of the boy I had encountered a few hours before. I said nothing just then of my adventure; and, after this, we fell to dreaming again. Annie looked down into the sea, while I watched the shore, past which we were lazily drifting. Suddenly my eye was attracted to a huge black mass, which rose like an ominous shadow between me and the horizon. I asked Annie what it was; and she replied,

"The mine!"

To her the word had a world of meaning; to me it had none. It simply awakened in me a keen desire for knowledge, which I immediately wanted to gratify.

"The mine!" I said. "I never thought about the mine before, or we might have gone to see it. We'll pull in and go now; shall we?"

To my amazement, she half rose from her seat, and put out her hands, as if to stop me.

"No, no!" she cried, "we won't go there—not to the mine!"

Her face was white, and she was trembling, though she was wrapt in the sun's rays in a warm mantle of gold.

"What's the matter, Annie?" I asked. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes," she said, "I am afraid of it, because I know it is cruel. It is like a great black mouth; it seems to ask you to come down, and then it crushes you and you die. I have seen strong men like my father go down into it happy and laughing, and then afterwards I have seen them brought up dead, all so black and changed and dreadful. Oh, don't talk about it; I can't bear it!"

She shivered again, and covered her eyes with her trembling hand, as if to shut out the sight.

During this conversation, I had been pulling steadily onward, so that the boat was now opposite the cliff surmounted by the mine. I turned the boat's bow shoreward; then, after a stroke or two, I rested on my oars and looked up.

We were now right below the cliff, and the view from our point of vantage was strange indeed.

On the very summit of the crags I saw the mining apparatus overhanging the sea. First, a chimney, smoking loftily at the top; then another, smoking less loftily half-way down; then, lower down, almost close to the sea in fact, a third smoking chimney, connected with what appeared to me to be a small mining office. On one side of the cliff, tall ladders were placed, to enable the miners to ascend from, and descend to, the shore; and he must have a sure foot and a strong head who could comfortably tread those ladders, round by round, the sea roaring under him and almost flinging its spray after him as he went higher and higher. Taking in the whole external apparatus in one view, chains and pulleys, chimneys and cottages, posts and winding machines, seemed to be scattered over the whole face of the cliff, like the spreading lines of an immense spider's web, while in some parts mules and their riders were trotting up and down a rocky track where the pedestrian visitor would scarcely have dared to tread.

I turned giddy, even at sight of it. I rubbed my eyes and looked again at my cousin.

Her trembling agitation had passed off, and she was looking at me.

"It was silly of me to talk like that," she said; "but I can't help it. Sometimes, when I think o' them poor men that have been brought up, and remember that father is there, it a'most makes me scream!"

"But there's no danger," I said, "now!"

"There's always danger!" she returned. "Tom Penruddock said so, and I told father, but he only laughed. Ah, but I've seen others laugh too—they as is lying now in the churchyard!"

This conversation, sad as it was, had its fascination for me. It made me want to know more about the mystery of the mine. What I saw, indeed, was not the mine itself, but only its outer machinery. The main shaft, Annie told me, opened down into the solid earth, from the body of the cliff, and was covered by a trap-door, from which dizzy ladders led down into the subterranean darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MINE.—UNDER THE SEA.

It must not be supposed that my uncle and aunt, although they had adopted me, could afford to allow me to eat for very long the bread of idleness. Had it been necessary, they would willingly have shared with me their slender means; but it was not necessary. I was fourteen years of age, I had received a good education, and I was in every way fitted to earn my bread. But what could I do? My inclination was for the sea. I longed to become a sailor; not because I had any particular love of ships, but because I had some wild idea that it might ultimately be the means of bringing me to Madeline. Besides, I must own that I was not exactly proud of my newly found relations and a home which was so different to Munster's. Sometimes at night, when I sat furtively watching my uncle smoking his pipe in the ingle, and my aunt darning the stockings, I fell to wondering what the boys would say if they saw them, and my cheeks burned with shame. It was on one of these evenings that I ventured to express my wish to go to sea. My aunt threw up her hands in horror.

"Lawd love the lad!" she cried; "if he be 'ant like his father a'ready! You'd like to gaw to say, would ye? to wander over the face of the earth and die, like your father did, without a roof to cawver your head? A sailor! Lawd love 'ee, and why would you be a sailor?"

I stammered something about wishing to work for my living, when my uncle cut my explanation short by patting me on the head and saying,

"You'm a good lad, I'm glad to hear 'ee talk saw; but there's no cause for 'ee to gaw to say. You'm a comin' to wark wi' me, Hugh!"

"In the mine!" I exclaimed in delight, for my strong desire to go down the shaft was growing; but my uncle shook his head.

"Naw, naw, lad; the mine be only for big coarse men like me; a slip of a lad like you will be better whar you'm gawing—into the awfice."

"The office!" I repeated, my ardour being considerably damped.

"Have 'ee fixed it all, Tawm?" asked my aunt.

"Iss, mother, I fixed it wi' the master this fawrenoon. Hugh can gaw on Monday and begin."

Thus it will be seen that my destiny was mapped out for me. On the Monday I began my duties as under-clerk, with but little satisfaction to myself beyond the fact that I contributed six shillings a week towards the household expenditure. Thus my new life began, a life which promised to be uneventful enough. At first I chafed somewhat; but Time, that healer of all things, brought solace to me. As months rolled on, the memory of Munster's began to grow dim; and when I thought of Madeline it was of some lovely vision seen in a dream.

Monotonous as my days promised to be, I soon managed to infuse a little pleasure into them, principally with the aid of my friend and ally, honest John Rudd; for we soon became close chums. He conceived a great respect for me, partly on account of my superior education, and partly because I rendered him such valuable assistance in the transcription of his poems. He placed his boat entirely at my disposal, also lent me his gun, a rusty old Joe Manton, which I kept in secret, and with which I used to amuse myself in the evenings when my work was done.

But the one great fascination for me was the mine. It was becoming a sort of "Frankenstein," haunting me by night and by day; I saw it before me as I sat writing in the office, and when I was asleep at night I saw it in my dreams, opening its huge black jaws and preparing to crush away some hapless life. The more I heard of it, the stronger grew my wish to explore for myself those dark bowels of the earth.

Again and again I had begged my uncle to take me down, but he refused. At last, however, one Sunday morning, he came to me and to my intense delight said,

"You can gaw down the mine t-day, Hugh. I be gawn' dawn. I'll tak' 'ee wi' me."

Excitement is welcome to all boys, and it was especially welcome to me; but there was one cloud on my sunshine, when I looked up and saw that my cousin Annie was as white as a sheet and trembling violently.

"Don't father, don't!" she said, piteously.

My father laughed.

"Lor a mussey, Annie, what a frawhtened little woman you'm gettin'!" he said. "Wha, you arnt like a miner's lass, Annie. We must mak' the lad a man, nawt a milksop. Naw then, Hugh, hurry up and get ready, we'm nawt got much time to lose!"

The first thing to be done was to attire myself in one of my uncle's mining suits of flannel, and possess myself of one of his broad felt hats. This was soon done. I was now a man in all but years, and I managed to cut a tolerable figure in my uncle's clothes; indeed, when I made my reappearance in the kitchen, he declared, with a nod of approval, that I looked every inch a miner. It was a proud moment for me: now, for the first time, I felt my manhood upon me, and I laughed with my uncle at Annie's pale cheeks and my aunt's sad eyes.

My uncle handed me half a dozen candles, which he told me to put into my pocket, then, with a merry nod to the women-folk, we started.

It was no easy matter to get to the entrance of the mine, not being able to go straight to the shafts as in the case of mines on level ground. First of all we had to make our way to the counting-house, in which I sat at my daily toil. The way was long and difficult to travel, on account of the accumulation of mining gear we had to pass; long chains stretched out over bell cranks, wooden platforms looking like battered remnants of wrecks, yet supporting large beams of timber and heavy coils of rope. Here there was a little creaking shed, there a broken-down post or two, and there again we had to wind round by the rocky path amidst chains and cables and ascending loads.

I, having to travel this road every day of my life, was well accustomed to it, and I accordingly followed on my uncle's footsteps without much feeling of curiosity or joy; but when we had passed the counting-house, ascended the cliff, and

gained the trap-door entrance to the mine, my heart began to beat with anticipation.

Here we both paused.

"You'll keep a strawing head," said my uncle, looking at me. "'Twill be a bad business if you begin to tramble like our Annie. Are you sure you arnt afraid, lad?"

"Not a bit," I returned; then, looking at the ladder which was set at the entrance of the mine, I asked, "Shall I go first?"

"Bide a bit, bide a bit, lad!" he returned. "Gi's one o' tham candles."

I did so, whereupon he lit it and stuck it into my hat, then he lit another for himself; after this he began to descend the first ladder, and I followed him.

The first object I was conscious of was the huge beam of a steam-engine, which worked on my right, alternately bowing and rising, and heavily straining at the deluge of water which it lifted. On the other side, through boards the chinks of which admitted just light enough at the foot of one of the ladders to show the passage, I saw the loaded tubble or bucket, rushing past its descending companion.

We were now between two shafts, descending from stage to stage; the daylight was completely gone, and we depended solely on our candles, which threw but a faint light into the gloomy abyss below.

After descending two or three ladders, which were almost perpendicular, we came to a platform, and made a halt.

"Waal, lad?" said my uncle, holding his flickering candle above his head, and looking into my face.

I laughed, and hastened to assure him it was all right, though, in reality, I began to feel some of my cousin's mis-giving. We rested a second or two, the halt indeed being made more for me than for my guide; then my uncle took another lighted candle, and stuck it into my hat.

"Naw, lad," said he, "come on wi' a will; lay hawld o' the sides o' the ladder, and ha' a care."

I promised to obey him, and we recommenced our descent, he going first and I following. We went down first one ladder and then another, till again we came to a platform and rested.

"What's below?" I asked of my uncle, who was again regarding me curiously, trying to detect if possible any sign of fear or shrinking in my face.

"What's below, lad?" he said. "Wha, the water drained from all the mine, the punps at wark pumping it awt, and p'raps a cartload o' rattin' human bawns."

We descended a couple more ladders and landed again, this time to traverse one of those side galleries in which the pit abounded. It was about seven feet high, but so narrow that two persons, if thin, could just squeeze past one another. The only light now was that afforded by our candles, which flickered in the hot, sickly, damp vapour which floated about us.

The fetid air of the place was beginning to tell upon me, my breath became laboured, the perspiration streamed down my face, while mud and tallow and iron drippings were visible on my clothes. My uncle, who was similarly bespattered to myself, but who was breathing more freely, recommended a rest. I sat down on the floor while he set himself to replenish the candles, which had nearly flickered out.

Sitting thus in the stillness, I became conscious of a strange moaning and sighing sound. After listening intently, I asked my uncle what it was.

"It's the Sae," he returned; "it be rolling up thar above our heads."

(To be continued.)

Lord Salisbury, on the part of her Majesty's Ministers, has accepted an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor, M.P., at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, July 29.

Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, has paid £607 19s. into the Hospital Sunday Fund, being the aggregate amount collected at the twenty-three metropolitan synagogues under his pastoral care. The fund now amounts to £31,100.

As the result of the July Examination on the subjects in which instruction has been given by the tutors of the Inner Temple Inn, the Masters of the Bench have awarded Pupil Scholarships of one hundred guineas each to the under-mentioned students:—Common Law, Mr. H. Holman; Equity, Mr. J. M. Nicholson; Real Property Law, Mr. D. M. Kerly.

A fire broke out in the University College of Wales at Aberystwith about midnight on Wednesday week, and resulted in the destruction of the northern wing of the building. During the fire, the floor of an upper room gave way, and six or seven men fell into the burning débris. Three were taken out seriously injured, and the remains of the other three were found later in the day.

At the anniversary meeting of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, held on the 9th inst., under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, M.P., at the Royal Institution, Professor W. H. Corfield read a paper on "The Water Supply of Ancient Roman Cities," in which he insisted strongly that we should learn a lesson from "the great sanitary engineers of antiquity," and go to the trouble and expense of obtaining drinking water from unimpeachable sources, instead of using a polluted supply and attempting to purify it for domestic purposes.

In the presence of an immense congregation, the last colours of the 26th (Cameronians) Regiment were placed, on the 9th inst., in Glasgow Cathedral, the colours being handed over by Colonel Elliot and Colonel Hale. In doing so the latter remarked that the regiment was raised 200 years ago in Lanarkshire from the followers of Richard Cameron, the celebrated Covenanter. The Lord Provost, in the name of Glasgow, accepted the colours, which, much tattered, were hung on the walls of the cathedral. The whole regiment, with its bands, attended the ceremony.

The new Townhall at Hyde, Cheshire, was recently opened by the Mayor, Mr. Edward Hibbert. There was a procession of the guilds and societies of the town, and a crowd of about 30,000 people assembled in the market square to witness the ceremony. A luncheon was given by the Mayor to the Corporation and other gentlemen connected with the town. The building was erected from the drawings of Messrs. J. W. and R. F. Beaumont, architects, of Manchester and London, and carried out by Mr. S. Robinson, builder, of Hyde. The clock in the tower, presented by Mr. Joshua Bradley, of Hyde, was made by Messrs. Potts and Sons, of Leeds, the bells being cast by Messrs. Taylor and Co., of Loughborough.

The total weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate Market last month was 14,843 tons, of which 9021 tons arrived by land, and 5822 tons by water. The enormous quantity of 138½ tons of fish was seized as unfit for human food by the officers of the Fishmongers' Company. Of this, over 68 tons came by land and 70 tons by water. The fish seized included whiting (77 tons), cockles, cod, crabs, eels, escallops, haddocks, halibut, lobsters, mackerel, mussels, oysters, periwinkles (eight tons), plaice, salmon, shrimps (20 tons), skate (12 tons), smelts, soles, turbot, whelks (10 tons), and whitebait. At Farringdon and Columbia Markets very trifling seizures were made, amounting, combined, to only two tons during the month.

EXCAVATION OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR, UPPER EGYPT.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Of all ruins, or groups of ruins, in the land of Egypt, the temples and tombs of "hundred-gated Thebes" stand foremost in majesty, variety, and number. Here six great temples, four on the left bank and two on the right, surrounded by innumerable remains of smaller sanctuaries, tombs, mounds, and masses of debris, mark the extent and splendour of a city which for many centuries was, like Rome in a later age, the capital of the known world. Of these six temples, the four on the left bank are known to travellers and readers of travels as Goornah, Dayr-el-Baharee, the Ramesseum, and Medinet Haboo; the two on the right bank being Karnak and Luxor. These names are not old Egyptian. They are the names of modern, or comparatively modern, Arab and Coptic settlements thereabout; one only (i.e., Medinet Haboo) being traceable, it is thought, to one of the many ancient names of the city of Thebes.

By far the most accessible, and consequently the most familiar, of these half-dozen Theban temples is the great Temple of Luxor, which has just been excavated by Professor Maspero, and of which we give five illustrations. It is the only one of the six which stands close to the river-side, the others lying far back in the plain, and being but very imperfectly seen from the deck of a dahabeeyah, or steamer. Also, the village of Luxor is the stopping-place for all comers. The post office lies within a stone's throw of the Temple. Cook's hotel is equally near, though on the other side of the ruins. The landing-place, where steamers, dahabeeyahs, and native trading-craft most do congregate, is precisely at the foot of the sand-slope leading up from the river-bank to the huge colonnade of Horemhebi. Here, too, the Consular representatives of England, America, France, and Germany live in provincial state, fly the flags of their respective Governments, and exercise a large and genial hospitality. To a traveller coming up the river, Luxor, in fact, seems much more like the capital of Upper Egypt than Siout. He stays longer, sees more, learns more, buys more, and has altogether more enjoyment there than at any other point between Cairo and Wady-Halfah. Karnak, not one temple but a town of temples; Goornah, the family monument of the first Rameside Pharaohs; Dayr-el-Baharee, where, close by the terraced temple of Queen Hatshepsu, the famous discovery of royal mummies was made four years ago; the Ramesseum, by some called the Parthenon of Thebes; Medinet Haboo, second only to Karnak in extent and splendour—the marvels of the Western Necropolis, and of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings—all these are within easy reach and form the staple of endless excursions. Regarded as a station for head-quarters, Luxor, in short, is unequalled. Yet, till now, Luxor has not in itself been nearly so rich in objects of interest as any of the neighbouring sites. Not only was the great Temple three-parts buried under the accumulated rubbish of ages, but its courts and colonnades formed the actual nucleus of the Arab half of the modern village. For Luxor, like many another Egyptian town, is divided into two camps, Coptic and Arab; that is to say, Christian and Mohammedan. The Copts, or Christians, have congregated at the northward end, round about their church and the houses of their Bishop and priests. But the Moslem population has settled, apparently from mediæval times, in and around the Temple, at the southward end of the mound. Here, building always with mud bricks crudely dried in the sun, each generation erecting its congeries of hovels on the ruins of the hovels made by its predecessors, the Arabs of Luxor have gone on from century to century accumulating rubbish upon rubbish and mud upon mud, till, like a colony of coral-insects, they have thrown up an artificial hill some forty-eight or fifty feet in height. As the hill rose, the Temple necessarily became swallowed up; and so effectual was this process of swallowing up, that to those who visited Luxor only six or seven months ago, but a small part of that noble edifice was either accessible or visible.

Any exact description of the building must begin at the beginning—i.e., at the entrance-gateway; although, if taken in chronological order, the farther end would need to be treated first. A pair of red granite obelisks (one of which now adorns the Place de la Concorde, Paris) and four seated colossi preceded the great double pylon, or two-towered gateway, which is yet almost perfect. This leads to a courtyard measuring 190 ft. by 170 ft., which courtyard is surrounded by a peristyle, consisting of two rows of massive columns. Hence a second and smaller pylon opens upon an avenue of fourteen giant pillars, seven on each side, known as the Great Colonnade of Horemhebi. A third pylon, of which only one corner remains, next gave access to the second court—an inclosure scarcely inferior to the first, measuring 155 ft. by 167 ft., flanked to right and left by a double row of columns, and leading to a covered portico, the roof of which is perfect, and is supported by thirty-two pillars. This portico measures 57 ft. by 111 ft. Beyond the portico, and opening from it, is a series of pillared halls, corridors, and side-chambers, originally numbering, according to Lepsius's plan, no less than thirty. Many of these are yet intact, including the sanctuary, or Holy of Holies. This last is separately roofed and inclosed, like a building within a building; the sculptured surfaces of its walls, as of the walls of the chambers round about, being in admirable preservation. As for the roof of the Temple, it is so solid that a large modern house of crude brick was constructed upon it, as upon a lofty stone platform, about a century ago, and there remained, though in a somewhat ruinous condition, till the beginning of the present year.

Such, very briefly outlined, is the general plan of this magnificent structure; which, when perfect, cannot have measured much less than 800 ft. from end to end. Like most other great historic temples of ancient Egypt, it was the work of many builders, and was carried on through many centuries. The original sanctuary and surrounding chambers, the portico and the smaller court, were built by Amenhotep III., ninth Pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty. This part dates, therefore, according to Mariette and Manetho, from about B.C. 1530. The great colonnade of fourteen columns is ascribed to Horemhebi, last King of the same line, and may be placed about eighty years later. The first and largest court and the great entrance-pylon, as well as two granite obelisks and four seated colossi in the open space in front of the Temple, were the work of Rameses II., circa B.C. 1360. Finally, the ancient sanctuary of Amenhotep III. having been destroyed by the Assyrians, the present one was erected by Alexander Ægus, son of the great Alexander, what time Ptolemy Lagus, surnamed Soter, was nominal governor, and actual ruler, of Egypt. This brings us to about B.C. 315, or from that to B.C. 312. Latest of all, we find the abaci of certain columns inscribed with the names of Ptolemy Philadelphus; but as these are merely inserted upon vacant spaces in older work, it may be assumed that the last actual builder was Ptolemy Lagus, acting for Alexander Ægus. reckoning, therefore, from Amenhotep III. to the son of the Macedonian conqueror (i.e., from B.C. 1530 to B.C. 312), we arrive at a total of 1218 years, during which the Temple was

in course of construction. For so long as the nation continued to venerate the old gods and to observe the old order of things, it may be taken for granted that the Temple and its precincts were held sacred. Not till after the abolition of the ancient religion and the forcible establishment of Christianity in Egypt by the Emperor Theodosius I., in A.D. 379, is it therefore at all likely that the courts and colonnades of this magnificent structure were desecrated by squatters from without. That they settled upon the Temple, sooner or later, like a swarm of mason bees, is at all events certain; and the extent of the mischief they perpetrated in the course of centuries may be gathered from the fact that they raised the level of the surrounding soil to such a height that the obelisks, the colossi, and the entrance-pylon were buried to a depth of 40 ft., while inside the building the level of the native village was 50 ft. above the original pavement. Seven months ago, the first court contained not only the local mosque but a labyrinthine maze of mud structures, numbering some thirty dwellings, and eighty straw-sheds, besides yards, stables, and pigeon-towers, the whole being intersected by innumerable lanes and passages. Two large mansions—real mansions, spacious, and, in Arab fashion, luxurious—blocked the great Colonnade of Horemhebi; while the second court, and all the open spaces and ruined parts of the upper end of the Temple, were encumbered by sheep-folds, goat-yards, poultry-yards, donkey-sheds, clusters of mud huts, refuse-heaps, and piles of broken pottery. Upon the roof of the portico, as before stated, there stood a large, rambling, ruinous old house, the property of the French Government, and known as the "Maison de France"; while between the Temple and the river, as if put there on purpose to hide the little that was yet visible of the work of the Pharaohs, extended a series of blank-eyed, hideous, white-washed public offices—namely, the Khedivial prison, police-barrack, post office, and Government stores.

To sweep away all these barracks, stores, houses, huts, pigeon-towers, stables, and refuse-heaps; to clear the grand old Temple down to the bases of its columns and the level of its pavement; to do, in short, for Luxor what Mariette did for Edfoo and Abydos, has been the earnest desire of Professor Maspero ever since his acceptance of the important post left vacant, in 1881, by the death of Mariette Pasha. Visiting Luxor in the month of April in that year, he noted with dismay the rapid destruction which was everywhere going on, both on the inside and outside of the Temple. Not only had the sculptured surfaces suffered wherever they were within reach, but every exposed part of the walls and columns served for a quarry from which all comers were free to extract building stone as they required it. To save the building was evidently an imperative duty; but to save it without evicting its destroyers was impossible. The problem was, therefore, how to effect the excavation of a site consecrated by the presence of a Mohammedan mosque, and usurped by families whose prescriptive rights dated back for many generations. But Maspero was not to be daunted. He succeeded in laying his statement before the Egyptian Minister of Public Works, and in obtaining the necessary authorisation for treating with the fellaheen; the basis of the negotiation being that each squatter should receive a cash indemnity for his house and a piece of land equivalent in extent to the area covered by the said house and its dependencies. It was further arranged that the Egyptian Government should find the money for the liquidation of the indemnities. It might be supposed that when all these essential preliminaries were settled, the worst difficulties were already overcome. On the contrary, however, they had scarcely begun. The mere measuring of the ground, the bargaining, the adjudication of conflicting claims, and the work of valuation, dragged on for nearly two years. Some of the temple-folk would sell, and some would not. Some were readily content, whereas others asked exorbitant prices. Indemnities varying in amount from 8*l.* or 10*l.* per house to as much as 3000*l.*, were actually paid; but Mustapha Aga, a wealthy Arab gentleman who acts as Consular Agent for Great Britain, and one or two others, stoutly refused to be bought out, except upon such terms as made negotiation well-nigh impossible. Meanwhile, there was another financial question to be settled—namely, the expenses of excavation. The Egyptian Government had paid the indemnities, and could do no more; yet, to get rid of the squatters was of little avail so long as there remained fifty feet of soil to be cleared and carted away. A subscription simultaneously started in the *Journal des Débats* and the *Times* met, however, with so liberal a response (especially in Paris), that this question of ways and means was settled in two or three days; and forthwith—that is to say, in the month of July, 1881—the order was given to commence operations.

In Egypt, as in some other places, it is one thing to give an order and it is another thing to get it obeyed. Having touched their money and made sure of their land, the temple-folk declined to turn out. The local police sympathised, as a matter of course, and the local authorities supported the local police. A company of engineers, sent up from Cairo to conduct the excavations, lounged about Luxor for a few days, and then, finding their mission unpopular, "marched back again." Nothing, in short, was done; and when Professor Maspero, after a brief vacation, returned to the scene of his winter labours, he found the Temple area as densely populated as ever. The police, it is needless to say, were immediately called in, and compelled to do their duty; the recalcitrant squatters were ejected, and the work of demolition began. At first, the main difficulty was to get labourers. Egged on by the antiquity-dealers of Luxor, who are, as ever, the vowed opponents of Boulag, the villagers hung back. Not so, however, the fellaheen of the surrounding hamlets. The Karnak, Medamot, and Bayadieh folk flocked in readily for the work and the wages; whereupon the Luxorites repented, and a lively competition ensued. By the middle of January, there were some fifty men wielding pick and spade at the upper end of the temple, and some 200 boys and girls carrying rubbish. On Feb. 26, writing from Luxor, Professor Maspero was able to say:—"The following, after only two months' work, is the progress made by our excavators. Southward, the old 'Maison de France' is demolished, and the sanctuary and its surroundings stand completely free. Northward of the 'Maison de France,' the police-barrack, the Government stores, and the post office have disappeared. As far as the Central Colonnade (i.e., the Colonnade of Horemhebi) the great courtyard of Amenhotep III. is now in full view from the river. The columns are excavated to two-thirds of their height, and the long-buried ruins of the central pylon begin to show above the debris. At the northern end, our work advances more slowly. The inhabitants are mostly dislodged, and their dwellings levelled; but the mosque still occupies one corner of the first courtyard, and seven houses yet stand as if islanded in the midst of the rubbish. I have, however, reason to believe that the wrong-headed resistance of even these obstinate owners will be withdrawn before another month has elapsed. Meanwhile, a great gap has been opened in this first court, and the sides of the pylons are cleared. A small portico of the time of Rameses II. has come to light; and several colossi in red granite have been discovered, some prostrate, and others yet

upright in their places. Our excavations have also revealed some new and interesting facts. We now know that the Temple was not originally separated from the Nile by the present shore-slope. It rose straight from the water's edge, like the covered gallery at Philæ, being bounded at the southern end by the small canal which still opens thence at right angles to the river, and washed along its westward walls by the river which now flows at a distance of several hundred yards. The lower wall—that is to say, the wall which served for a quay—was constructed with huge blocks of dressed stone, headed by a frieze inscribed with the names and titles of Amenhotep III., and surmounted by a sculptured and painted cornice. At a later age, during the period of Roman rule, when the mud had accumulated and the Nile had consequently retreated, a gigantic quay was built between the Temple and the river; and it is to the remains of this quay that Luxor at the present day owes its immunity from the encroachments of the annual inundation."

After writing to the above effect, Professor Maspero continued the work of excavation for yet another month, by which time the splendid columns of the Court of Amenhotep were cleared to their bases, the ancient pavement was in part laid bare, and a magnificent vista was opened from the very portico at the southward end to the great entrance-pylon at the north. Much yet remains to be done; but already this noble Pharaonic structure is wellnigh without a rival on the banks of the Nile. Even Maspero, whose judgment is always temperate, does not hesitate to aver that the sculptured surfaces of the walls and columns where recently uncovered are worthy to rank besides those of Abydos, and that "for grandeur of design and beauty of proportion, the great Temple of Luxor is almost the equal of Karnak."

Of our five illustrations, two represent the old condition of things, and three the new.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR (SOUTHERN END) BEFORE THE EXCAVATIONS WERE BEGUN.

In this View, the principal foreground object is the old Government store-house, with its yards and offices. The spectator looks southward, having the Temple, the eastward plain of Thebes, and the so-called "Arabian" chain of mountains to his left. On his right, at the foot of a long sand-slope, flows the yellow Nile, which, however, is not seen in our illustration. The distant summits of the Arabian chain are just visible above the architraves surmounting the lateral colonnades of the Courtyard of Amenhotep III.; these colonnades, which consist of twenty-four columns placed two deep on each side of the courtyard, being completely masked on the side of the river by the unsightly Government stores before mentioned. Where the colonnade is seen to end, the portico of Amenhotep III. actually begins; but this portico, and all the roofed part of the Temple, is concealed by the large, rambling, white-washed house, whose few windows face the Nile. This house, now demolished, is the famous "Maison de France." Within its walls the illustrious Champollion and his ally, Rosellini, lived and worked together in 1829, during part of their long sojourn at Thebes. Here, the naval officers sent out by the French in 1831 to remove the obelisk which now stands in the Place de la Concorde took up their temporary quarters. And here, most interesting to English readers, Lady Duff Gordon lingered through some of her last winters, and wrote most of her delightful "Letters from Egypt." A little balcony with a broken verandah and a bit of lattice-work parapet, juts out above some mud walls at the end of the building. Upon that balcony she was wont to sit in the cool of the evening, watching the boats upon the river, and the magical effect of the after-glow upon the Libyan mountains opposite. All these buildings—"Maison de France," stores, yards, &c., were yet standing in December last. They are now all swept away; and our next illustration shows the aspect of the same spot, from a somewhat higher point of view, as it appeared towards the end of February.

GREAT COURTYARD OF AMENHOTEP III., PARTLY CLEARED (GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR).

Both wings of the lateral colonnades to the Courtyard of Amenhotep III. are here shown. The courtyard within, which was full of hovels and stables, and the outer space previously occupied by the Government stores and yards, are piled with the debris of demolished buildings. The "Maison de France" is gone, all but the remains of the little balcony, which just shows above the top of a temporary hoarding. The massive masonry of the upper end of the Temple (i.e., of the sanctuary and surrounding chambers) is now visible, the intervening mud walls being levelled to the ground.

COURTYARD OF AMENHOTEP III. (GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR): THE EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS.

We here find ourselves admitted into the precincts of the courtyard, immediately behind the Government store-house, of which one corner and a small window are seen between the pillars to the right. The spectator stands with his back to the Arabian chain and his face to the Libyan range, one long spur of the great western mountain and a glimpse of the Nile being visible behind the highest group of Arabs to the left of the picture. The mud huts, the mud walls built up between the columns, the asses and goats and village folk, are still in part occupation of the place. To the left, however, a hovel or two have been demolished, and on the rubbish heap thus created we see a group composed of two Europeans—probably overseers—and some five or six better-class natives. The excavators in the foreground, who are engaged in removing debris, have paused in their work while their portraits are being taken.

THE COLUMNS OF AMENHOTEP III., EXCAVATED NEARLY TO THEIR BASES (GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR).

The point of view is very nearly the same as in the foregoing subject, the group of columns being identical with most of those there represented. The mud walls between the shafts are, however, knocked away, and the area is cleared as far as the boundary-wall of the Government store. The soil is now excavated to a depth of some 12 ft. or 14 ft. below its previous level, and in some places the pick and spade have gone still deeper, as may be seen by the figure of the Arab standing in the pit at the foot of the near column. They will have to go some five feet lower still, before they come to the bases of these noble shafts and the plinths on which they stand. The design is one of the most beautiful among the orders of Egyptian architecture. It conventionally represents a bundle of lotus-plants, stalks and buds; the stalks bound together at the top by a ligature, and the cluster of buds forming the capital. Upon the abacus of each capital is sculptured, in hieroglyphic characters, the name of Amenhotep III. (popularly known as Amenophis) inclosed in a royal oval. We may remind our readers that the famous pair of sitting statues, so familiar in photography and art, known as "The Colossi of the Plain," are portraits of this great Pharaoh.

Grouped in the middle of the foreground, we see a dozen or thirteen persons, chiefly Europeans. The central figure, and the tallest, wears upon his head the distinctive "tarboosh," or "fez," of a Government official, and round his waist, in Oriental fashion, a broad scarf of Syrian silk. This is Professor Maspero, Director-General of the Museums of Egypt. He is

(Continued on page 70.)



THE VILLAGE CHAMPION: "I'LL WRITE TO THE PAPERS!"
FROM THE PICTURE BY E. DEANES.

THE VILLAGE CHAMPION.

Public spirit is happily not rare among Englishmen of any class or rank in society; and the obscure places of this country may breed men of natural intelligence, who care for local interests, and who are willing enough, with but limited gifts of scholarship, to expose defects and abuses whereby the welfare of the neighbourhood is affected. Many provincial newspapers, especially in rural districts, and also at the seaside, contain frequent letters of this character, which have a stamp of originality and sincerity that more than compensates for imperfections of literary style. Excellent good sense, and valuable practical experience, are compatible with homely faults of grammar which a diligent editor should readily correct; and we should have no opinion of the editorial judgment that would exclude from the columns

of the *Sandymouth Herald*, for instance, our honest friend's artless lucubration concerning the lights at the harbour pier. "I'll write to the papers!" is a justifiable resolution on the part of an old fisherman whose recollections, as man and boy, of a long list of disasters, and of his personal risks and perils, in the boating work of that open bay, run back nearly sixty years. He is a most competent and respectable champion of a cause which has great claim to public sympathy; and, without the aid of men like him, who possess local knowledge of the coast, and have passed thousands of laborious days and nights among the currents and the shoals within sight of his dwelling, the lectures and pamphlets of the late Fisheries Exhibition can hardly procure all that is needed. He can say what is for the benefit of the class of fishermen, and the prevention of lamentable accidents to which they are exposed.

WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS.

Families going to the seaside for the sake of the children, which is the chief inducement to go there, like to find donkeys on the broad level of the smooth soft sands. The donkeys, which are such friends of little boys and girls, and which are more kindly used at this quiet resort of summer visitors than on a Bank Holiday at Blackheath or Hampstead Heath, carry the delighted youngsters, almost babies, in perfect safety and comfort. The girl in attendance, just now waiting for some regular customers whom she serves every fine morning while they sojourn at Broadley Salterton, looks a pleasant person to deal with, and the children will be sorry to say good-bye to her when they are taken home to London. Her dog, also, is a charming companion of their daily rides.



WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS.
DRAWN BY W. E. MARSHALL.

surrounded by a group of friends and fellow-workers, among whom may be seen MM. Lefebvre, Bouriant, and Loret, of the *Ecole Archéologique* at Cairo; Mr. Wilbour, an American student of Egyptology; and M. Gabriel Charms, of the *Journal des Débats*. The scale is, however, too small for recognisable portraiture. The lady who leans against the column to the left is Madame Maspero, the young, charming, and intrepid companion of Professor Maspero in all his expeditions.

THE COLONNADE OF HOREMHEBI (GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR.)

Until the present excavations made the southern end of the Temple visible from the river, the Great Colonnade of Horemhebi was the only part of this splendid structure which the Nile traveller could see from the deck of his dahabeeah. These fourteen huge sandstone columns, with their enormous bell-shaped capitals and massive architraves, stand two deep, and are of a rich amber hue, as if steeped in the sunsets of 3000 years. Severely simple, they crown the ridge and face the river. If excavated to their bases they would measure about 57 ft. in the shaft, and stand out clear against the sky. But they are buried for half their height, and a large, irregular house of sun-dried brickwork is built against and between the inner row, thus blocking out the light and converting one of the grandest colonnades ever designed by a Pharaonic architect into the façade of an Arab dwelling. This house which so mars the beauty of the scene is the abode of Mustapha Aga, the venerable and hospitable British Consul. Pleasant as he has long made it to English travellers in Egypt, and endeared to us as it is by memories of the British flag floating cheerily in front of its doors, we must all hope that some arrangement may ere long be concluded whereby the owner shall be induced to build a British Consulate elsewhere.

Our Illustration represents the scene as it has looked for many years, and as, in its essential features, it looks still. To the right, we see the north end of the Government stores, and in the foreground a mud-built house and yards, both now demolished. But the sand-slope leading up from the river's edge; the great pillars bathed in afternoon sunlight; the British Consulate with its projecting portico, lofty flight of steps, arched doorway, flagstaff, and group of retainers sitting outside, are shown in *statu quo*. The Colonnade of Horemhebi may be ascribed, according to Mariette and Manetho, to about B.C. 1450, and it belongs to an extremely interesting but brief period of Renaissance in Egyptian art. Manetho, it may be as well to add, was a native of Sebennytus, in the Delta, and held the office of High Priest and Archivist of the Greek Temple of Ra at Heliopolis under Ptolemy Philadelphus. He wrote a "History of Egypt," now lost, of which only a few fragments, and a list of all the Kings, have survived to the present day.

PROFESSOR MASPERO.

Professor Gaston Maspero succeeded the late Mariette Pasha as Director-General of the Museums of Egypt in January, 1881. In Egyptology, Professor Maspero is the most brilliant and distinguished pupil of the famous Vicomte E. De Rougé. He is also a Professor at the Collège de France, and was last year elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions. M. Maspero is yet on the sunny side of middle life, and already he has attained to the highest honours which science has to bestow. He is not only an Egyptologist of the first rank, but he is also a fine Semitic and classical scholar, and a master of most European languages. His literary style, when writing in his own language, is singularly subtle and delightful; and as an art-critic, his judgment and insight are very remarkable. Professor Maspero is editor and proprietor of that admirable scientific periodical called *Recueil de Travaux Relatifs à la Philologie et à l'Archéologie Egyptiennes et Assyriennes*. To this work he is now contributing a series of invaluable transcriptions and translations of the hieroglyphic texts discovered in the recently-opened Pyramids of Teti, Pepi, and other very early Kings. His celebrated essay, "La Jeunesse de Sesostris," was published in 1867, when he was almost a youth; an essay which has thrown an unexpected and very important light upon one of the principal pages of Egyptian history. In his knowledge of the structure of the ancient Egyptian language Professor Maspero is probably without a rival, as may be judged by his innumerable papers on grammatical subjects in the *Zeitschrift für Ägyptische Sprache*, his essay on the forms of the conjugation in Ancient Egyptian, Demotic, and Coptic; and in the footnotes to his famous essay entitled "Du Genre Epistolaire chez les Egyptiens de l'Epoque Pharaonique" (1872). Of his numerous translations of Egyptian papyri, we have no space to take note in this place; but his most recent and most popular works, the new "Guide au Musée de Boulaq" (1884), and his charming little volume of ancient Egyptian folklore, entitled "Les Contes Populaires de l'Egypte Ancienne" (1882), must not go unrecorded. Professor Maspero is also the author of a luminous and admirably comprehensive work on the history of the early nations of the East, called "Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient," which has already gone through five or six editions, and of which a new edition, embodying the latest discoveries in Egyptology, Assyriology, &c., is now in the press. Our Portrait is engraved after an admirable photograph by Reutlinger.

The annual Volunteer Fête takes place at the Royal Aquarium to-day (Saturday). There will be an assault-at-arms and prize competition, concluding with Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1883), with two codicils (dated Jan. 11 and March 26, 1884), of the Right Hon. Sir Hugh McCalmont, Earl Cairns, P.C., late of No. 5, Cromwell-houses, South Kensington, and of Lindisfarne, Bournemouth, who died on April 2 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Henry Hugh McNeile, the brother-in-law, William McNeile Cairns, the nephew, and Henry John Lowndes Graham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £148,000. The testator leaves to his wife his horses, carriages, harness, linen, china, glass, wines and consumable stores, £1000, and such of his furniture and books, to the value of £1000, as she shall choose; one of his residences—No. 5, Cromwell-houses or Lindisfarne—as she may select, with such of the furniture and effects therein as she shall not be entitled to absolutely, for life; and he makes up her income, with what she is entitled to under settlement, to £4500 per annum. He also leaves his plate to his wife, for life, and then to go with his settled property. To his daughter Mrs. Lillias Charlotte Sherbrooke, he bequeaths £2000, and at the death of his wife £5000, upon trust, for her children, in addition to the money settled upon her at her marriage; the portions of his younger daughter and of his three younger sons, with what they are entitled to under settlement, are made up to £12,000 each, and he gives to each of them, on the death of his wife, a further sum of £5000 if they attain twenty-five. Provision is also made for annual allowances to his younger children during his wife's lifetime. The residue of his real and personal estate is directed to be laid out in the purchase of freehold or copyhold manors, messuages, and hereditaments in England or Wales, to be held upon such trusts as his wife shall appoint; and, subject thereto, he settles the same on his eldest son, Arthur William (now Earl Cairns), for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1878) of Colonel the Hon. Everard Henry Primrose, Grenadier Guards, Military Attaché at Vienna, late of No. 17, St. James's-square, who died on April 8 last, at Abou Fatme, in Egypt, was proved on the 29th ult. by the Earl of Rosebery, the brother, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator gives £8000 to his cousin, Edward Montagu Primrose; and the rest of his estate and effects, and everything he can give and dispose of, to his sister, Lady Mary Catherine Constance Primrose, for her separate use.

The will (dated June 15, 1875), with a codicil (dated April 11, 1883), of Admiral Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, Bart., late of Beaumont Leys, Leicestershire, and of No. 46, Grosvenor-place, who died on Jan. 30 last, at Florence, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Lady Caroline Augusta Ricketts, the widow, Sir Robert Tempest Tempest, Bart., the son, and Lord Edward William Pelham-Clinton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £6000. The testator makes some specific bequests to his son Robert; and all his real estate, and his stocks, shares, debts, and moneys he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his five daughters and his son Frederick. His goods, chattels, and the residue of the personalty he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1881), with a codicil (dated June 7, 1883), of Mr. Charles Claridge Druce, late of Billiter-square, and of Elmswood, Denmark-hill, who died on the 10th ult., at Brighton, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Alexander Devas Druce, the brother, and Henry Attlee, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £162,000. The testator bequeaths £40,000, upon trust, to pay the income to his unmarried sisters and the survivor of them, during their lives, and while they shall remain unmarried; £10,000 to each of his brothers Alexander Devas and Edward Read; £5000 to his brother Arthur John; £1000 to each of his other brothers; and numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, partners, clerks, servants, and others. Among other specific bequests, he gives to his brother Alexander Devas the piece of plate presented to his grandfather by the Corporation of the City of London. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his last-named brother, and he expresses a wish that his properties at Sevenoaks and Hadlow, Kent, may not be sold, but kept in the family, and he adds "but I am too old a lawyer to create an entail which may be barred."

The will (dated July 24, 1834), with a codicil (dated Sept. 13 following), of Mr. Charles Anthony, late of Hereford, who died on Feb. 5 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Charles Anthony and Edwyn Anthony, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator bequeaths £4500, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Julia Wilding; £1000 upon the trusts of the settlement of his daughter Blanche, in addition to the sum already settled by him on her; and annuities to two nieces. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the copyright of the *Hereford Times*, he leaves, as to three fifths, to his son Charles, and as to two fifths, to his son Edwyn.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1877) of Mr. James Tannock Mackellie, late of No. 21, Victoria-street, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 1st inst. by Robert Douglas Hearn, William Speirs, and Sidney Edmund Walthew, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £34,000. The testator leaves £7000, upon trust, for his sister, Catharine, for life; £5000, upon trust, for his nephew, James Neil Smith, for life; £10,000, upon trust,

for each of his nieces, Susanna Richmond Smith and Mary Catharine Smith; and other bequests. All pecuniary legacies are to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of his real estate in England, and, if that is insufficient, out of the proceeds of the sale of his real estate in New Zealand. All his pictures, prints, bronzes, vases, works of art, statues, articles of vertu, and curiosities he bequeaths to David Limond Murdoch, Albin Martin, John Logan Campbell, and Thomas Russell, who are constituted his trustees in New Zealand, to found a museum at Auckland. The balance of the proceeds of the sale of his real estate in England and New Zealand, and the residue of the personalty, or so much thereof as he is permitted by law so to leave, are to be applied in the purchase of a site and the erection of a museum at Auckland, New Zealand; two sums are to be set aside to pay a custodian and to pay insurance, and the remainder of the said fund is to be laid out in the purchase of works of art for the said museum. Any part of the residue of his property he is not permitted to leave by law for founding such museum he gives to the Secretary of State for the Colonies for the time being.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1880) of Mr. Alexander Stewart, late of Heathfield House, Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, who died on April 1 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Ebenezer Stewart and John Stewart, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, pictures, books, furniture and effects, and £200, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Caroline Stewart; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining, educating, and bringing up his children; and, subject thereto, for all his children, in equal shares.

HAMPTON COURT.

Of the many visitors to Hampton Court few, it is to be feared, are at all aware of the historical interest of that famous palace. Readers who wish for full information on the subject may thank Mr. Ernest Law, who has written *The History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times* (Bell and Sons), and promises a second volume which will carry the chronicle down to the present day. The work before us has a twofold interest. It contains one hundred and thirty illustrations, maps and plans, and a carefully and brightly written narrative of the Tudor palace and its celebrated inhabitants. The story of Wolsey is told with ample details, for many of which the writer is, of course, indebted to Cavendish's graphic narrative; but Mr. Law consults many authorities, and endeavours to form a complete picture of the great Cardinal. At Hampton Court he and Henry used to walk in the garden arm-in-arm, and the King would sometimes throw his arm caressingly round his shoulder. There, too, he anticipated the loss of his greatness, when the King's favour was gone. The richness of the place in those days, in art and upholstery, is carefully described, even to the Lord Cardinal's blankets, sheets, and bedsteads. We read, too, of his five hundred retainers; of his great stud of horses; of his chapel, with its sixty priests and choir of forty voices; and of the gorgeousness of his attire. How the palace passed into the hands of the King, who spent vast sums of money in embellishing and enlarging the building; how it became a home for Anne Boleyn, Henry's "entirely beloved sweetheart," who, when married, spent her honeymoon there; how, when Anne lost her head, Jane Seymour took her place, gave birth to Edward VI., and died; how Anne of Cleves spent some days in the palace awaiting her divorce; how Henry spent his honeymoon there with Catherine Howard, untroubled, we suppose, by tragic memories; how her ghost—attested by unimpeachable witnesses—as well as the ghost of Jane and the ghost of Mrs. Penn, Edward's nurse, walk there to this day (the portrait of the last-mentioned lady, in her ghostly attire, may be seen in the volume); and how, at the same palace, Henry, with marvellous self-possession or obtuseness of feeling, passed his sixth honeymoon, with Catherine Parr, is related with admirable perspicacity in Mr. Law's pages. Of Mary's sad life, and of Elizabeth's merry one, at Hampton Court, the author also writes fully, not omitting the scandals of the time antecedent to the virgin Queen. The book is one worth reading and possessing, and does credit alike to publishers and writer.

A new graving dock, built at a cost of £54,000, was opened in Aberdeen, with much rejoicing, last week, and the first vessel to enter was the steamer City of London.

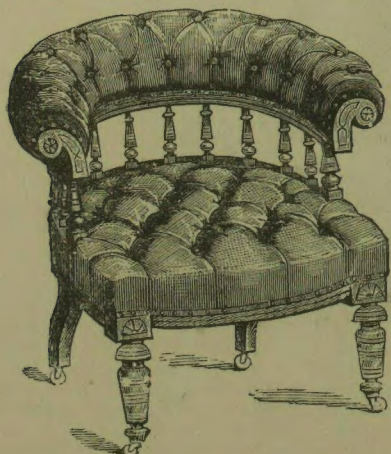
Mr. Bennet Burleigh, *Daily Telegraph's* War Correspondent, gave a lecture entitled "The True Story of the Terrible Soudan Campaign," at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday evening.

The annual general meeting of the Central Committee of the Women's Suffrage Society was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel on the 9th inst.—Mr. Woodall, M.P., presiding. Several speakers spoke of the excellent prospects apparent of obtaining the object for which the society was working.

A flock of Southdown sheep belonging to Lord Walsingham was sold on the 10th inst., bringing together a large company of agriculturists, buyers from France, Germany, and America also attending. The highest price realised was 155 guineas for a yearling ram, purchased by Mr. Warren, of New York, the total amount realised being £3257.

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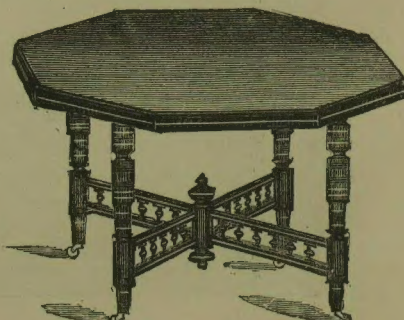
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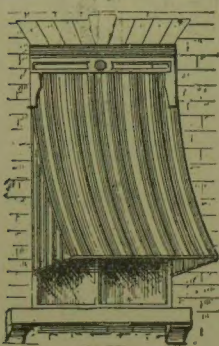
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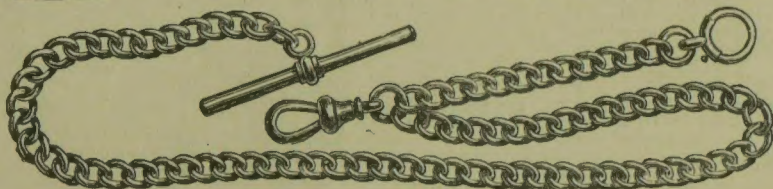
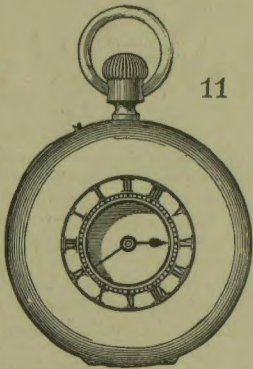
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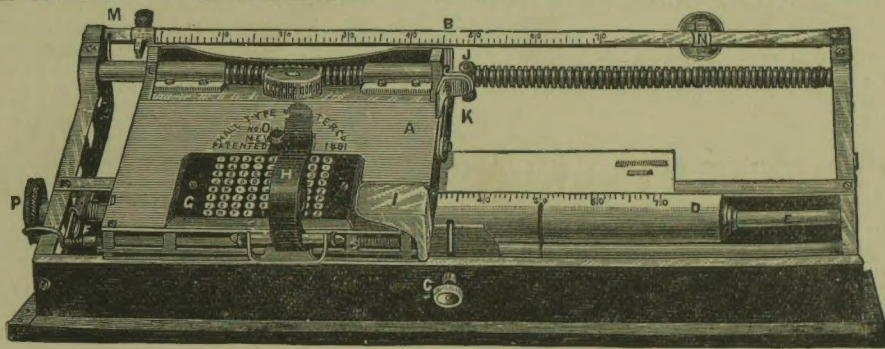
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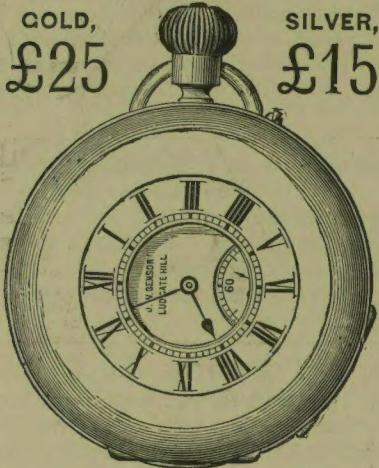
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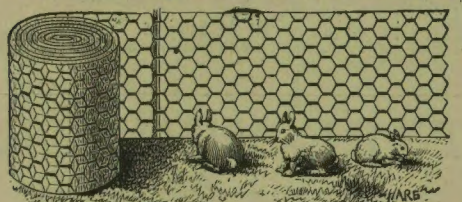
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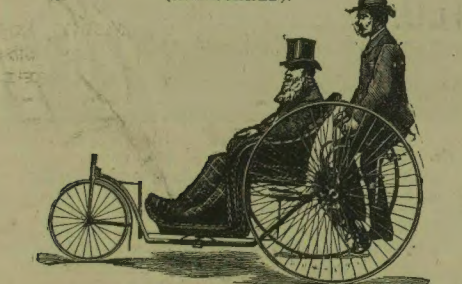
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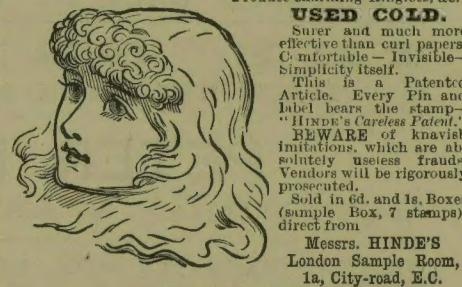
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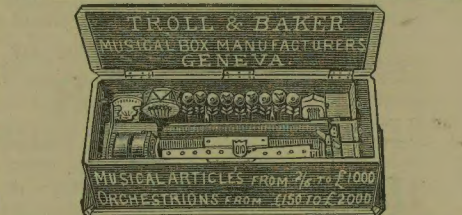


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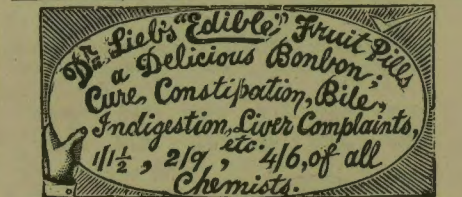
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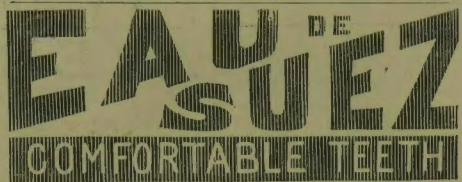
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